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entered the war, and why she thought it worth while to hoodwink the United States so elaborately and thoroughly, these facts and figures may help him to a decision. Italy and Belgium have added about a third to their national wealth, Japan about one-half. Our wealth in 1914 was \$250 billion and is now about \$300 billion, which is not half bad; though some of our unemployed too may be wondering where it all is and why it is so hard to get hold of.

It is only a few weeks since Sir Frederick Maurice and Mr. Lloyd George were saying that "it is understood" that the United States (which is not a member of the League of Nations) was experimenting with a poisonous gas which was just too terribly awful to think about; and that therefore the competition in chemical armament must go on. Now we have a report broadcasted in this country that after three years of research, the British chemists have discovered or devised a gas that is more deadly than any other and will penetrate any gas-mask at present known to mankind. Thus, having fought to make the world safe for democracy, the burden of keeping it safe for democracy grows heavier and heavier. Democracy of the Wilsonian type is a fearfully expensive luxury; one would say it costs more than it comes to. We sometimes wonder whether civilization does not logically precede democracy. Civilization is the humanization of men in society. It strikes us that a country which allows its Government, as we allow ours, to spend 92% of its total revenue for military purposes, can hardly be called a civilized country; and hence that most of our talk about democracy is a little premature.

THIS paper would like to know, as a matter of purely academic interest, whether Mr. Balfour or Mr. Wilson is right about the date of Mr. Wilson's introduction to the secret agreements between the Allied Governments in regard to the spoils of war. Mr. Wilson has specifically denied having had any knowledge of such agreements until after the beginning of the peace conference; whereas Mr. Balfour publicly stated in the autumn of 1919, and again on 23 December, 1920, that in the spring of 1917 he informed the President of all secret agreements among the Allies. Mr. William Denman, former chairman of the shipping board, has insisted upon airing the question, and Mr. Balfour seems to be a bit annoyed because Mr. Denman won't let sleeping dogs lie. Mr. Denman says that at a conference of the British Mission with himself, Mr. Lansing, and Mr. Polk, Mr. Balfour promised to reveal to the conferees all agreements affecting the interests of the United States and general world shipping-conditions; but declares that he failed to inform the President and the conferees of an agreement which vitally affected American interests: namely, the agreement to force China into the war, and to divide between Great Britain and Japan certain islands of the Pacific. Mr. Balfour testily replies that he can not be expected to remember conversations which took place so long ago, but that he had no secrets from the President about any of the arrangements made between Great Britain and her allies.

THE controversy gives grounds for speculation. Assuming that Mr. Balfour did disclose all secret treaties to Mr. Wilson, we are obliged to conclude that the President connived at the coercion and dismemberment of China, and employed the economic and military power of this

CURRENT COMMENT.

AN Associated Press dispatch tells a curious story of unemployment in the staid English cathedral town of Norwich. The unemployed decided to take advantage of the poor-laws, and forced themselves upon the local supervisors, demanding support at the expense of the tax-payers. The consequences were about what would happen here if swarms of our unemployed should settle down on the county poor-houses. Taxes were doubled, and the additional taxes raised householders' rates until they amounted to considerably more than annual rents. Thus if a householder paid £60 as an annual rent, his taxes came to £72. The unemployed extorted this support, apparently, by threats of disturbance; this being the first time in the history of the city, the authorities say, that the police have been overawed in any such fashion. What we wish to remark is the growing tendency to hold Governments accountable for all modes and degrees of prosperity or adversity; the belief, as Senator Thomas said the other day, that the Government is able by legislation to heal misfortune, replenish wealth and restore prosperity. This is an acute absurdity, but since Governments have educated their peoples to take stock in that absurdity, they can not complain. Like Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins, if they die old maids, they've only got themselves to blame.

ALONG with the foregoing dispatch concerning the conditions of unemployment, comes a report issued by the Savings Bank Association of the State of New York, showing that Great Britain has been the greatest gainer out of the war. Her total estimated wealth when the war started was \$130 billion and is now \$230 billion. This is a noble big jump for a six-year period. These figures might well set the unemployed of Norwich and elsewhere to wondering where all that wealth is. The report assigns this great rise of national wealth to the increment of the Mesopotamian oil-fields and Germany's colonies in Africa, and to the elimination of Germany as a trade-competitor. This also gives rise to reflection. First, why is it that none of the swag which Great Britain salvaged out of the war-loot ever seems to be the subject of diplomatic inquiry or negotiation? No one ever hears any question about her right to keep any bit of booty that she may have cabbaged. Again, if here and there a belated soul still wonders why Great Britain

country to secure an agreement which, according to Mr. Denman, destroyed one of our most valuable naval bases and jeopardized our whole naval position in the Pacific. If we assume, on the other hand, that Mr. Wilson knew nothing of the secret treaties until after the war was over, then the British Government stands convicted of having obtained money under false pretences, and Mr. Wilson is guilty of having blindly invested the resources of this country in an enterprise concerning the nature of which he knew nothing. We are rather inclined to believe that the second assumption is the correct one. The British Government, as Mr. Denman has pointed out, was at that time angling for a much-needed loan of four billion dollars from the United States; and although Mr. Wilson was an ardent Anglophile and an equally ardent Germanophobe, still it is reasonable to suppose that as an American he would balk at the idea of supporting agreements prejudicial to American interests. If Mr. Balfour had disclosed those agreements, the British Mission might have found itself obliged to choose between renouncing them and returning home empty-handed. So, we think, Mr. Balfour was reticent and the President trustful. In any case one thing is certain: Great Britain has both the South Pacific islands and the North American money, and Mr. Balfour can turn up his nose at Mr. Denman or any other inquiring American with impunity. He is not seeking further favours.

SPEAKING of large navies, it is interesting to note that about the only support which the big-navy programme of this Government has had has come from American jingoes and a few French newspapers. Certainly, says the *Midi*, for instance, America needs a big navy to protect its large merchant fleet, and also to guarantee the principle of freedom of the seas, which was not guaranteed by the peace treaty. This looks like a heavy side-swipe at France's ally, Great Britain. One might almost suspect that these ungrateful Frenchmen were gloating over the inability of the mistress of the seas to keep a firm hold on her trident. Sensible Americans will not join them, not only because the trident, if we seized it, would be an expensive luxury for the American people to maintain; but also because we may be sure that if we keep up naval building on a large scale there will eventually be a secret Anglo-Japanese entente against us, even if there be none at present.

THE recent statement of the British Navy League on the world's naval position is reminiscent of Napoleon's remark, in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Man of Destiny," that the Englishman does everything on principle. The Navy League is all for a conference between Great Britain, Japan and ourselves, for the reduction of naval armaments. This paper sympathizes with the League's desire to reduce armaments: it goes further; it would like to see their abolition. Yet, we must confess, when we consider the League's pre-war enthusiasm for more ships and bigger, we smell a rat in its present conviction that "the highest idealism of all is the only alternative to world-suicide." We suspect the motivation of a slender purse rather than a changed heart. Then, too, we note the League's failure to suggest any change in the imperialist policies which make ships necessary to the three great naval Powers; and this again gives us an uncomfortable suspicion that these strange new pacifists of Britain are merely the same old fire-eaters, cloaking their country's necessity with the immaculate mantle of humanitarianism.

SIR ROBERT HORNE, head of the British Board of Trade, has revived the interesting project of an all-round cancellation of inter-Allied debts. He says that the only solution of the question of exchange and of the many other questions bearing upon it, is that the United States should cancel Britain's debt, and Britain cancel the loans which she has outstanding in Europe. This, according to Sir Robert, would not only help Europe but help America also. Well, maybe; we do not pretend to

understand the intricacies of high finance. To us, it looks like the proposition of Artemus Ward's stage-driver, who, when the company offered to throw off one-half of its claim for his speculations, promptly offered to throw off the other half, saying that no stage-company could outdo *him* in generosity. But this may be what is needed to bring about the "adoption of a spirit of constructive optimism," as Sir Robert says—it seems to us that we have heard those words before, somewhere. If it is, let us have it done and over with. We stipulate only that it be called by its right name—repudiation. Let the whole crew of Allied Governments unite in saying, "We will repudiate our debts all round and leave the United States holding the bag." That is exactly what the proposal comes to, so why not be candid about it?

MANY things might be said of the extravagant claims made by the railway companies of increased efficiency in the operation of the roads after their return to private ownership. It might, for instance, be suggested that the substantial decrease reported in the number of unserviceable locomotives perhaps bears a relation to the decreased temptation to sabotage—and thus to discredit government operation—by keeping unserviceable locomotives on the road while sound ones are laid up in the shops for fictitious repairs. Other questions, too, suggest themselves. For instance, why do the railway-executives take unto themselves credit for having untied the tangle into which the outlaw railway-strike threw the freight system of the country? If memory fails us not, it was the Interstate Commerce Commission which took hold of that freight jam and straightened it out; and now come the railway-officials, thumbs in armpits, saying, "Look on our works, ye mighty, and despair." Yet in all fairness it must be admitted that they do not "take sole credit." They bestow a small meed of patronizing praise upon the shippers and upon the "rain-or-shine, day-or-night work of hundreds of thousands of railway employees." But not so much as a "thank you" have we seen for the willing and helpful I. C. C.

THE coal merchants have been profiteering scandalously on the Government, we are told. So did the munitions-makers, so did army contractors; so did ship-builders, so did and so does every interest from which the Government had or has to buy. Governments have always been particularly fat bacon for profiteers of all descriptions. It is safer and immeasurably more profitable to steal from the people collectively, as taxpayers, than to steal from them individually. Of course this profiteering is to be legislated away immediately. Each costly investigation of Government expenditure, with its resultant revelation of Gargantuan theft, is followed by some bill to make that particular kind of graft impossible. The only difficulty with such legislation is that which President Lincoln found with the draft law: it is like trying to shovel fleas across a barnyard.

To Republican members of the next Congress, and to advocates of a high tariff generally, we commend the January circular of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, as very instructive reading. Here is a bit of sound economic doctrine: "It can not be too often repeated that the ultimate means of payment for exports must be in imports. If we wish to maintain our export trade, our problem now is not how to put obstacles in the way of imports, but how to encourage them. By just as much as we succeed in cutting off our imports, we must, in the long run, cut off our exports. This is a fact not often grasped even by exporters, because, though it works surely, it works indirectly. When a higher duty is placed upon a particular import, it can be directly appreciated how much the supply of that import has been cut off. To a corresponding amount, in value, exports as a whole will be cut off; but no particular exporter will be able to know just how much his particular commodity has suffered." In view of the fact that Mr. Harding—or rather those interests which have placed him where he is—stands

committed to a large merchant marine as well as to a high tariff, it seems pertinent, with this document before us, to inquire how he and his makers expect to reconcile these two policies. Innumerable American ships are rotting in our harbours to-day for want of exports and thousands of seamen are swelling the ranks of the unemployed in our coastal cities. How does Mr. Harding propose to use still more ships when his high protective tariff must inevitably cut down not only the amount of goods which those ships may bring to our shores, but also the amount they may carry away?

To our way of thinking, considerable importance attaches to Mr. Munchausen D. Vanderlip's concessions in Siberia, perhaps not for the over-seas trade of the United States, but certainly for Japanese-American relations. According to report, Lenin has been disingenuous enough to state publicly that his object in granting these concessions was to set Japan and the United States by the ears. Whether or not this story be true, it is obvious that Japan can not regard with any great cordiality the acquisition by Americans of the exclusive right to exploit the fisheries, and the coal and oil resources of 400,000 square miles of territory on the eastern coast of Asia. The Japanese look to an ultimate change in the policy of this country toward Russia; they can not but remember that Mr. Vanderlip's name has been more than once connected with that of Mr. Harding, and it will be no great task for them to join up what the promoter has done with what the politician may do. The American naval programme, and the efforts of our financiers to elbow their way to control in China under cover of the consortium, furnish excuse enough for all the fears of Japanese alarmists, and the coupling of an imperial concession on the Asiatic mainland with a change in our official attitude toward Russia would certainly be regarded as final evidence that America hopes to dominate eastern Asia. Since this paper has already spoken out more than once in behalf of free trade with Russia, and the recognition of the Soviet Government, we shall hardly be misunderstood if we say now that in our opinion any arrangement between this country and Russia which involves large, exclusive concessions must create a new evil at the same time that it remedies an old one.

CONSISTENT asininity, from the viewpoint of its own interests, continues to be the most notable point in French policy towards Germany. It appears that the regular army of the German Government has been reduced to 100,000, but the Government declares itself unable to disarm the *Sicherheitspolizei* and the *Einwohnerwehr*, which it says are necessary to the safety of the country. These forces, which are strongest in Bavaria and East Prussia, are said to be dominated by royalists and other reactionaries. Now it seems to us that if the French Government is as afraid of the Bolsheviki as it has hitherto given evidence of being, it might wisely remember that there was once a Communist revolution in Bavaria, and that East Prussia is in a position to be reached very readily by the contagion of Russian Bolshevism. French officials might also pause to consider that there is in Germany, in addition to the weak Centrist Government with its army of 100,000, and the safety-police dominated by the Right, many a watchful Communist with his ready flintlock over the mantle-piece. If the safety-police are abolished, in response to the French demand, this Communist may seize the opportunity to reach down the flintlock and go gunning after the present Government.

Now that the Allies are quite breathless with shouting for the disarmament of the Bavarian royalists, the miners of the Ruhr district have come forward with an offer to do what all the French horses and all the French men have thus far failed to accomplish. While Marshal Foch is laying plans for cutting Bavaria off from the balance of Germany and then quietly frisking the civil guards of their extra swords and pistols, the miners are

taking steps to shut off Bavaria's supply of coal. There are at least two good and sensible reasons why these dwellers of the Ruhr should do this. In the first place, they do not want their own district occupied, along with Bavaria, as a means of forcing the requisite degree of disarmament. Besides this, the miners are more or less communistic in tendency, and consequently they have about as little use for the Bavarian royalists as for the French horizon-blues. If the disarmament of Bavaria is thus actually brought about by a new method, this will be something, though not exactly a victory for the Allies. In fact, we feel that no respectable Power now in existence can regard with favour any such arbitrary use of economic action as a check upon military activities and ambitions. The example is too easily followed.

THE popular ban on the German language seems to be lifting. It was actually possible for "Hänsel und Gretel" to be revived, in the German, at the Manhattan Opera House on Christmas day, without those patriotic visitations of ex-soldiers and plain Germanophobes which have hitherto accompanied any attempt to revive German opera in this country. To be sure, the Metropolitan Opera Company dared to revive a Wagnerian Opera last season, and this season they have revived a second; but they were discreet enough to use indifferent English translations of the libretti. The success of the new venture at the Manhattan seems to indicate that art may once more go its way, free from the restrictive influence of the nationalistic spirit. A good many people are beginning to see that under the influence of war-hysteria we rather made fools of ourselves in this country: we warred pettishly on an ancient and splendid language, and cut ourselves off from some of the finest achievements of the human spirit; great works of art and science which are as much an Anglo-Saxon as a German heritage, for they are universal. We lacked the wise counsel through which the president of one of the great Shakespearean societies of Germany prevailed upon its members not to be equally foolish in regard to the English tongue: "Let us do nothing during the war that we may be ashamed of after it is over."

YET there is shrewdness behind the propaganda which makes the language of the enemy, and his contributions to the world's culture, taboo during war-time. If we know something of the enemy's language and his literature and his music, it is the more difficult to convince us that he is wholly brutal and inhuman, for in his language and his literature and his music we find the familiar pattern of those universal human experiences which make up the warp and woof of our own lives. We find that at his best he is as good as ourselves, and that at his worst he is no worse. To be sure, he is as good or as bad with a difference; and it is just this difference which makes him a foreigner. If we become familiar with his language and his literature and his music we shall understand this difference and like him the better for it; if we remain ignorant of these things, we shall distrust and hate him for it, because it is in human nature to fear—and hence distrust and hate—what it does not understand. It is excellent strategy, therefore, on the part of war-propagandists to foster a popular prejudice against the language and culture of the enemy. From their point of view the thing they do is right and profitable; it is we who are fools for letting them do it.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

It is a pleasure to observe that some of the maxims of fundamental economics are gaining currency through the newspapers. We have already remarked that several papers, notably the *New York Times*, have at last manfully acknowledged the principle that goods must ultimately be paid for in goods—a principle that sound economists have insisted on through generations of protectionism. Now comes the *Chicago Tribune* with another maxim equally important and fundamental, which we never expected to see acknowledged in this protection-ridden country: namely, that “the entire country pays directly or indirectly for all tariffs levied at our ports of entry.” The *Chicago Tribune* made that statement in those words, in an editorial devoted to the emergency-tariff measures now being proposed at Washington; and it laid emphasis on the statement by adding “Congress should remember that, and much trouble will be avoided.”

This is excellent. Again, the *Tribune* says in the same editorial that “in general, the best method of competition with foreign trades is through efficiency,” and that “even our higher-paid labour, unsupported by tariffs, has been successful at that [competition] in lines to which we are particularly adapted.” Moreover, taking the porcelain and chinaware industry as an example of those wherein we stand at a natural disadvantage, the *Tribune* says most sensibly what fundamental economists have been saying for half a century, that we shall always remain at this disadvantage despite tariffs, and “in such cases the sooner we understand our disadvantages and cease to fight them, the better.”

It strikes us that the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Times* have between them gotten out a pretty complete and reliable primer of international trade. If the entire country pays directly or indirectly for all tariffs levied at our ports of entry, as it unquestionably does, what becomes of the hoary principle of a tariff for revenue, and what sort of spectacle does a country present that tries to tax itself rich on imports? What becomes of the ancient doctrine that “the foreigner pays the tax”? If goods must be paid for in goods, as the *Tribune* and the *Times* both acknowledge, what becomes of the old notion that the more you export and the less you import, the better off you are? One or two little border countries tested that plan to the limit during the war, and the result was that they practically exported themselves to death. The lure of high prices made them sell nearly everything they had, and the war, acting precisely like a prohibitive tariff, kept them from importing any commodities in return. Hence, presently they reached the goal of true protectionist enterprise, and had nothing left in the country but money. If ever our higher-paid labour, unsupported by tariffs, has competed successfully in lines to which we are particularly adapted, is it not about time we heard the last of the old yarns about protecting the American workingman and his full dinner pail? If, in cases where our industry stands at a natural disadvantage, “the sooner we understand our disadvantages and cease to fight them, the better,” is it not time to revise our notions of the desirability of being a “self-contained, self-supporting country”?

One hates to look a gift horse in the mouth, but we can not help wishing that the *Tribune* and the *Times* would follow through. In the face of all we

have quoted, the *Tribune* nevertheless says, “In general, we favour protective tariffs”; and a person of only commonplace intelligence after reading the editorial, must ask in astonishment, “Good heavens!—why?” The *Tribune* does not say why; it says not a word but this: “There is everything in their favour and little against them in the protection of infant industries such as the dye industry.” This is questionable; a good deal seems to us to depend on the nature of the industry. If it is one which stands at a natural disadvantage in competition, then on the *Tribune's* own showing, it is not worth protecting. But waiving all that, how many industries are there in the country, by and large, which could honestly claim protection on their status as infant industries? Precious few. Hence it seems to us that the *Tribune* has made out an extremely slim case in behalf of its general preference for protective tariffs, compared with the formidable strength of the case it makes out against it.

We are, as we said, most grateful to these newspapers for what they have done in spreading knowledge of some of the great principles of fundamental economics. It is our appreciation of their service that makes us wish they might see their way to do more. We keep thinking what a splendid thing it would be if the *Chicago Tribune* developed all the points in the editorial we have been quoting, one by one, in a frank and systematic treatment. The tariff will be the first and foremost public question, probably, from now on until it is settled. The *Chicago Tribune* shows plainly by the third paragraph in its little editorial gold-mine that it is well aware of the bearing of the tariff on all our domestic and international relations. Why not, then, instead of treating the tariff at mere touch-and-go in a few hundred words of journalistic impressionism, why not make a thorough job of it, a distinguished work that would set people thinking and talking and give them something substantial to think and talk about? There are enough nuggets in the *Tribune's* editorial to beat out into two columns of gold-leaf, say twice or thrice a week, as long as the tariff remains an open question; and while we know nothing of practical journalism, and therefore speak with diffidence, it seems to us that the importance of the subject fully justifies the use of that amount of undoubtedly precious space.

“LAW AND ORDER.”

SUPPOSE a Massachusetts or New York Congressman should arise in the House of Representatives and propose a bill to enforce a certain well-known Amendment to the Constitution on every State south of the Mason and Dixon line, said bill appropriating enough money to furnish and equip an armed force and a spy system to aid its enforcement. Of course it would get no further than that—yet let us suppose the incredible. Let us suppose that such a bill were passed by both houses and signed by the Executive; then, as a result, suppose an armed force invaded the South to stand watch at every polling station to ensure every eligible Negro getting his vote, and to arrest any citizen guilty of intimidation or conspiracy to prevent every eligible Negro from so doing. Could the Southern citizen logically complain? Hardly, so at least it seems to us, for as long as the national treasury pays out tax money to provide for a Federal agent—say a citizen of Atlanta, Georgia—to come to New York City or Chicago and spy upon or arrest citizens there for violation of the Prohibition Amendment, then the said citizen of Atlanta, Georgia, can surely not complain if the *New Yorker* insist that an equal amount of tax

money be used for the purpose of stopping him from denying the Negro his vote. It is the bounden duty of the Federal Government to prevent us from having a cocktail in New York City, but it is equally the duty of the Federal Government to prevent anyone from nullifying a different Amendment in any Southern State.

But of course the question is never even framed in these terms. Discrimination is, quite literally, taken for granted.

This illustration, however, is not an illustration of an exception—it is a commonplace instance of the general rule in this country. The fact is simply this: some of our laws are enforced in one section of the country and not in another; some laws are enforced rigidly and some not at all; some are enforced at one time and not at another; some laws are enforced against one sort of person and not against another sort. This is true not merely of Federal laws, but of State laws, and municipal statutes. Such basic discrimination as this inevitably breeds contempt for law. Contempt for law, in turn, breeds lawlessness, and so it remains fundamentally true that we are the most lawless of all the so-called civilized nations. Not even our most ardent apologist would attempt to deny this, although he might attempt to explain it.

Lawlessness of this peculiar American type might be thought to be indicative of contempt for regulation and for Federal authority. The French, for example, are charming and incurable *frondistes*, even in matters of religion; they like to see just how close to the wind they can sail, they are impatient of all authority, all forms of petty regulation. Everybody enters into a tacit conspiracy to defeat the regulator, who is the common enemy. But this is not the case with us. It is not true that we have a contempt for Federal authority. On the contrary, we have far too great a reverence for it—that is, as an abstract thing. We firmly believe in the sovereign right of each one of us to enforce on everybody else precisely those legislative restrictions which we frequently violate ourselves. The spectacle of Kansas legislators passing an anti-cigarette bill in a thick cloud of cigar-smoke, or of Congressmen hastening from voting for a Prohibition measure to the cloakroom where they may have a nip for themselves, may well be taken as a symbol of our triumphant democracy.

This childishness is partly the result of that cowardice which is inherent in all politicians who live in an immature type of civilization where no one dare boast of anything except one's virtues. But chiefly it is due to our youth as a nation; with an anarchistic and undisciplined individualism we combine an unexampled public reverence for that which is enacted according to law. As a consequence, we make broad our phalacteries and bow down before the law—the creature of our own sovereign will—and we see to it that it goes exceeding hard with those who do not do likewise, yet at the same time in our own personal lives we pay as little attention to the matter as possible.

Similarly, being in essence a lawless country, we abound in vociferous and active "law and order" leagues. This is not due to the hypocrisy which unperceptive foreigners falsely attribute to us. We are quite sincere about it. We do really believe in "law and order." When a chamber of commerce passes a resolution concerning "law and order," the speakers become quite eloquent and excited. When a business man arises after dinner to discuss American "free speech" he believes every word he says. Probably even the members of the newly organized "Ku Klux

Klan" sincerely believe themselves to be saviours of the stable type of American government. What is meant in each case, nevertheless, is our own individual or group kind of "law and order." The chamber of commerce does not mean what the striking miner, with injunctions out against him, means; the business man does not refer to the free speech which is in the liberal's mind; the member of the Ku Klux Klan will hardly agree to the Negro's organizing reprisals for lynching; and, of course, all reformers are interested, fanatically interested, in "law and order"—each of his own making.

Here we have a hint of the reason why Americans are usually so affable and also so intolerant. We can be, and usually are, very friendly and kindly as long as people go along with us, accept our assumptions and point of view towards life. But cross us in fundamentals, and we are likely to be quite savage. As in most frontier countries—or in countries still possessing the psychology of the frontier—it is not what people do that infuriates us, it is their philosophy, their point of view. That is why, in one sense, Mr. Wilson is never more American than when he frees the spy Rintelen, and keeps Mr. Debs in jail. That is why only our intellectuals or radicals fail to understand the paradox of our being even melodramatically fond of the Russian people while at the same time we maintain against them a blockade that is helping to starve them to death. They violate the basic tenet of democratic faith; *they are not like us*.

The explanation for this attitude is to be found largely in our obvious and national lack of vital traditions and only partly in our temperamental individualism. We have no standard of absolute justice to which the wise and foolish, the weak and the strong, may equally repair. We are too young to have built up a measure of comparison, the slow accretion of time and experience and long living together. We make not one standard of justice, but a thousand. Our concept of justice is purely individual and capricious.

"Law and Order" of the genuine sort, like justice, is the product of years, even generations, of tolerance, of the spirit of live and let live, of those mutual adjustments that breed understanding. Older civilizations, like those of India and China, where aggressive individualism in countries so overcrowded would bring disaster, necessarily have something of this spirit of absolute justice. Taken by and large, they are infinitely less lawless than we. The East as a whole can teach the West many lessons in civilized good manners. It is the Western nations, during the last five centuries at least, that have been the trouble-makers, the exploiters, bullies, and militarists of the earth. For even after a nation, in the long course of its development into a civilization, has learned the utility-value of tolerance and of obeying the law at home, it sometimes takes centuries more for it to learn to apply that lesson abroad. Domestic respect for "law and order" is not yet a guarantee of a nation's universal respect for it among all the peoples of the earth. But in the United States even domestic respect for it appears to be a long, long way off.

ACCORDING TO THEIR LIGHTS.

THIS paper never could see its way to adopt an Olympian manner towards its daily contemporaries. Our readers may have noticed that stock phrases like "the kept press," "the organs of monopoly," do not come easily to our pen. We have always been inclined to agree with Mr. J. Ogden Armour that, on the whole,

our newspapers do pretty nearly as well as they can. We think that the *New York Times*, in its editorial comment on Mr. Armour's thesis, made out a pretty good case. We are borne out in this belief by our own experience, which may be a rough test but is, after all, reasonably fair. It is not wholly improper and unnatural to estimate any institution, from Divine Providence down to the penal code, by the way it treats *you*. The *Freeman* is now well along in its infancy and has run the gauntlet of the country's newspaper-criticism. We have come in for a good deal of mention in one way and another, and our readers will be interested to know that only four newspapers in the country, as far as we know, have treated us uncivilly. Long ago the *Providence Journal* gave us a blistering which was subsequently plagiarized almost word for word by a Pittsburgh paper whose name we have forgotten. The *New York Evening Post* on two occasions made us the object of its polemic attentions; and on two occasions the *New York Tribune* has done likewise. We replied to the *Evening Post* in detail; and now, as a specimen of the *Tribune's* polemic method, we may perhaps digress to quote its description of ourselves:

The *Freeman* is a frightfully wicked sheet—it is not, let us whisper the fact, liberal at all—it is radical—says so, right out loud. It is done in imitation, a bounder's imitation, of the English style, rather hard and frightfully knowing; yes, quite as smart and knowing as Margot Asquith.

This sort of thing is all very well, possibly, if it is supported by something a little more substantial. Standing by itself, however, it seems desultory and unconvincing; rather reminding one of the polemic method of Artemus Ward's home paper, the *Baldwinville Bugle*, in its controversy with the *Eagle of Freedom* about a plank road:

The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-headed, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal.

The *Freeman* has come out frankly as a radical paper. Its principles and policy are frankly the opposite of those espoused by practically all our newspapers, and we have stated and expounded them with absolute candour; trying only to maintain standards of ordinary decency and courtesy towards those who do not agree with us. When a paper like ours has fared as we have fared—especially when it would be so easy to join in with the *Providence Journal* in roaring us down or with the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post* in sneering us down—we can not feel quite free to say that the entire American press is intolerant and venal or to join in a wholesale condemnation of its works and ways.

It seems to us that about two-thirds of the current criticism of the daily press would be vacated if we all kept in mind the fact that our newspapers are not primarily newspapers, and that really, to their credit be it said, they keep up only a slim pretence of being newspapers. They are advertising broadsheets, media of competitive advertising, and as such must adapt themselves to the conditions of their existence. We can not for the life of us see anything improper or dishonourable about this. It is easy to say that the editorial and news-sections of the press ought to be served by better brains; but it is mighty difficult to show how, under the conditions of existence that any advertising broadsheet must meet, it can command such service. It is easy to compare our press with the English press, for example, and show how much abler a paper is produced, say, by the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Yorkshire Post* than is put out by the *New York*

Times. But compare the competitive advertising carried by the *Times* with that carried by the *Yorkshire Post*, and consider all its inevitable and far from improper implications, and one wonders only that the comparison is as favourable as it is.

People ought to be human and sensible about this sort of thing. If the public wants as good newspapers as the *Yorkshire Post* it must create circumstances in which it is possible for such a paper to exist. If it wants its press to be wholly disinterested and to command better brains, it should enable its press to be and do so. We are not for a moment saying that our press might not do better, even as things are. It might profitably, for instance, attempt less and do better what it does do. Artemus Ward said once that Napoleon tried to do too much and did it. That is one great trouble with our press at present, no doubt; but again, imagining ourselves in the position of newspaper-proprietors, we can easily understand the temptation to be discursive. There is, again, an undue and unnecessary literary slovenliness in our papers. The editor of an excellent daily told us the other day that we were unfair in hauling the *Evening Post* over the coals for its misuse of the word radical. He said that the hurry and stress of daily journalism warranted looseness in the use of such terms. This is nonsense—in our opinion, it is immoral nonsense. No hurry and stress can condone the slovenliness of speaking of a Moslem when one means a Jew or of a radical when one means a liberal or a socialist. Again, the press has in too great a degree what Professor Huxley called the coach-dog theory of leadership; the theory that it is a leader's duty to look sharp which way the social and political coach is driving, and then run ahead of it and bark. This is especially evident in such matters as the present attitude of our influential newspapers toward the tariff. There is no doubt that a great deal of this caution is enforced upon the press through the anomaly of its position as being apparently a leader of thought and really an advertising-medium. Still, we can not help thinking that even under these circumstances, its caution is somewhat over-done.

So one might proceed, perhaps, with one or two more criticisms and suggestions; but such is not our present purpose. We simply put it to our readers that when a radical paper publishes outspoken radical doctrine for nearly a year, doctrine that to our daily contemporaries must seem most objectionable, and is treated courteously and decently by all the newspapers in the country (as far as we know) except four, the American press can not be so desperately malicious as it might be or as some say it is.

ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE.

Among the great controversies of literature none is more suggestive to the American of our day than that of the Slavophiles and the Westernists in Russia, which came to a head in 1880 in Dostoevsky's celebrated speech on Pushkin. It was the Slavophile position that Dostoevsky upheld in this speech, the position of those who believed that Russia was a spiritual organism and that it must be permitted to develop solely from within, against the Westernists, the "European intelligentsia," who were convinced that Russia must be reformed and re-created from without in conformity with social ideals imported from Western Europe. "Will the Russian organism," he exclaimed, "even now not be suffered to develop nationally by its own organic strength, but must it necessarily lose its individu-

ality in a servile imitation of Europe?" To him, of course, with his "hope in our people and its powers," the intellectuals were nothing less than "unconsciously the enemies of the people."

What makes this controversy suggestive for us is that a somewhat similar division of sentiment has made its appearance in this country. We also have our two parties, the "good Americans" and the intellectuals, and the issue between them is singularly like that which Dostoevsky describes. The "good Americans," like the Slavophiles, are those who (in the spirit of its founders) consider this country as standing quite outside the European circle, as representing a new departure in civilization and as being a complete organism capable of generating out of itself the cure for all its ills. The intellectuals, on the other hand, regard it as an outlying and backward territory of Europe, to be redeemed and developed only through the perpetual infusion of European influences. Thus, while the first group repels every innovation that does not accord with "American ideals" and constantly harks back to the Puritan tradition, the second group, ignoring the Puritan tradition, urges upon the American consciousness, now Russian communism, now German socialism, now English liberalism, now proletarianism, now an aristocracy of taste, and a dozen other conceptions, European one and all. This conflict, as we all know, between the "good Americans" and the intellectuals, has become the first issue of our cultural life.

When one has said, however, that both in Dostoevsky's Russia and in the America of our day the intellectuals are Europeanizers and therefore "traitors," in the popular view, to the traditions of their respective countries, the parallel breaks down. The nationalists, of whom Dostoevsky was the spokesman, repelled the intellectuals because they sought to mechanize and commercialize Russia, because they were the enemies of the human spirit in Russia. The nationalists of this country repel our own intellectuals, one would say, for just the opposite reasons. It is not, heaven knows, to mechanize and commercialize America that these intellectuals of ours are up in arms; America is already one vast commercial machine, and if they bombard it with European heresies it is in the name of the human spirit and in defence of human values. Dostoevsky's nationalism, however obscurantistic it may have been in its practical application, was based on a great spiritual ideal. "Do I speak of economic glory, of the glory of the sword or of science?" he asked. "I speak only of the brotherhood of man, I say that to this universal, omni-human union, the heart of Russia, perhaps more than all other nations, is chiefly predestined." It was to preserve the Russian spirit in its purity and intensity for this task that he scourged the intellectual invaders; and that his dream was accepted by Russia itself we know from Dostoevsky's vast popular following. Whitman had a somewhat similar dream for America; but has Whitman ever been accepted as a spokesman by the "good Americans"? He has not, and the fact speaks for itself.

When we consider that out of the American nationalism of our day has sprung not one of those searchings of the national conscience that indicate a living spirit, not one fundamental criticism of American life, not one aspiration for it, but only peevish complaints against the demands of youth, complacent apologies for custom, and a general

connivance in the ideals of commercial privilege, naval supremacy, the big stick and the steam-roller—when we consider these things, we can well understand why our intellectuals refuse to believe that humanity will be better served if America is "suffered to develop nationally by its own organic strength" instead of being re-created from without in conformity with social ideals imported from Europe. We can understand why these intellectuals are estranged from America, and why, as year follows year, the young, the sensitive, the intelligent, the imaginative, the ardent, the idealistic desert in ever-increasing numbers the altar of the national faith and come over into the camp of the disaffected.

The mere possession of consciousness, the desire not to lose that possession, by virtue of which they are human, drives them to do so. "To be an American," says Mr. Santayana, "is of itself almost a moral condition, an education and a career." Can they submit to such a narrow and special destiny? To accept the "good American" stamp is to remain within a fold as strait and strict as that of any sect; it is to choose between two political opinions neither of which differs from the other or bears any relation to reality; it is to think as everyone else thinks, to feel as everyone else feels, to do as everyone else does, or rather not to think or feel at all but only to do, and to do nothing but that which keeps one's carcass and the carcasses of one's family stoked and clothed, with as much opulence as possible. Never was man, man who has sought the Golden Fleece, and slain dragons, and communed with God in the wilderness, and gone crusading, and built cathedrals, and pursued his reason to this *altitudo* and that, and served a thousand causes in the name of justice and salvation, never was man so reduced to a village grocer's stature: it is as if for the Haarlem organ had been substituted a poor little music-box that knows but a single tune. This is the compulsory life, compulsory as much through the pressure of public opinion as the lack in America of the instrumentalities for leading any other. One all too easily understands how it has become so: if the personal energy of our people has been absorbed, on the one hand, in pioneering and business, tasks that obliterate individuality, its social energy, on the other hand, has been absorbed in the unification of all the warring racial traditions that compose it. The struggle for unity which began with the Revolution, which became a religious cause in the Civil War, and which has been continued in these latter years in the unending campaign of Americanization, has given this vast assemblage of territories and races the forced cohesion of a nation. But the result has been to turn our society into a machine, which produces and permits the existence of only one standardized human product. The "good American" to-day is certainly nearer an automaton than anything else flesh and blood has ever known.

This means, if civilization really consists, as Herbert Spencer said, in the evolution of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, that little indeed is to be expected from American life left to itself. The echo of its old prophetic voices has died away; it has lost the impulse of growth, it has lost the very conception of change; one can only see it turning more rigid, more sterile, more soulless every decade. From Europe its life came once, and there remains but one hope for it, to draw life

from Europe again: otherwise, as regards everything characteristically human, it seems destined to an existence as bleak as that of the moon. If they only knew it, the inhabitants of this country, who go through the motions of living, like squirrels in a cage, in their hideous towns and cities, these disaffected ones, whom they regard as traitors and who are nothing but individuals with a will to remain themselves, are traitors only to what stands between life and them. Their "good American" leaders tell them that all is for the best in the best of possible countries and that no one who cultivates the domestic virtues needs to possess a soul. From whom do they hear, what is obviously true, that everything fine is crushed out of them by the society in which they live, that the *tempo* of that society is determined by its least humane types, that we lack not only all but the rudiments of a civilization but even the sense of this lack? From the same disaffected ones alone, whose standards are extra-American, who remember what Europe has been even if it is so no longer, who, whatever their principles may be, unite in desiring and promoting the cause of a radically better society than ours and in seeking from the old world everything that it still has to give. It is certain that if Dostoevsky, the "good Russian," had been born in this country, he would not have been a "good American"; he would have been one of those very intellectuals whom he chastised with whips and scorpions.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: I.

PARIS, 1 NOVEMBER, 1920.

I AM wandering, dear Eusebius, in the hope of discovering an answer to the question: "What on earth are we all up to?" I have wandered now for over a year without saying a word about it, a singular display of virtue in one whose past is so notoriously garrulous—America, France, Italy, England, Africa, and again England and again France. This time I am to sail from Marseilles, for countries and places from which you shall hear from me, though it is more than likely that I shall write only of London or New York. Whatever happens I can not put more than 25,000 miles between myself and them and the further I go the more interesting they become.

Last night I had, at a friend's expense, the most expensive possible dinner in a great hotel in the Champs Elysées. There could not have been better food or more delicious wine, nor could there have been people more imbecile than those among whom I sat. They were drowsy with riches, except the adventurers and *demi-mondaines* who were not certain of how much they were going to loot and were mostly on the look-out for their next victim. Their present victims were, as I say, drowsy. It was nothing to them that the food was good: they had had so much of it already at lunch. It was everything to them that they could not possibly have been paying more. The great moment of the dinner was the arrival of the neatly folded bill, the production of a handful of notes, the half-wink of a weary eye, saying: "Plenty more where that comes from!" Paris, however, is a gay city—so they say, but what "they" say is usually calumny; and this mournful delight in *l'addition* must be covered up. These spoiled people must be amused and a thoughtful management thinks of everything. As the moment for *l'addition* arrives, waiters fly round with baskets full of toys, paper pierrots and punchinellos that squeak, bags of soft balls for throwing at pretty ladies and shy gentlemen, and coloured balloons. . . my friend wondered if his balloon would burst if he applied his cigar to it. Yes, it did so; and in a few moments the great rose-lit room resounded with the pop of bursting balloons. Strange, the unanimity of a crowd; attract its attention, suggest an occupation, and—they're off.

That, of course, is not particularly Parisian. The same thing must have been happening last night in London, New York, Buenos Aires, Rome, Berlin, wherever there are large hotels, and in many places where the little hotels emulate the big. Good food, good wine, a band, dancing, the largest possible bill. *Voilà!* It is the best we can do. The war is over, except in the United States of America, and the Americans will pay for everything, for will they not lend money to the Chinese and make them work to pay the bill—the big bill that some one will have to pay some time or other? *Vive l'Amérique!*

Are these people thinking that, or am I merely ascribing to them what I feel in my bones? I don't know. It is to find the answer to that question that I am wandering. There is nothing left of European civilization except a system of railways, roads, steamships, and grand chain-operated hotels and factories. The civilization built up round cathedrals and kings' palaces is no more. What are we going to build up round our factories and railway-stations. I can see no reason why the Grand Central Station in New York should not have as great a symbolic value as Chartres, and Buckingham Palace would make a fine national hotel-cinema-dancing-hall. Why not? The crowd moves with unanimity and in accordance with suggestion. It depends then upon the suggestions made. So far everything suggested has been rather childish: the bursting of balloons. (The war was no more than that: the bursting of the balloons called nations.) In America they are bursting a balloon called Wilsonism. In England the balloon called Lloyd-Georgism burst long ago, but the Government remains because the English crowd is tired of that particular game and wants a more solid satisfaction. There are no nations any more; there are only crowds. As for the people: "*Peuple vous-même! je suis aussi bourgeois que vous.*" A polite way of saying "nonsense." The people as Lincoln thought of them no longer exist: perhaps they never did. Revolution is a bourgeois idea, and there is no hope of the bourgeois producing a revolution against the bourgeoisie. There are crowds, that is all: crowds in love with themselves: crowds harnessed to the system of railways, steamships, hotels, factories. The profiteers recognize that and do well out of it; more decent people, like Henry Adams, look longingly back at Chartres and they meet the fate of Lot's wife.

So I wander. I can do nothing to feed, clothe or house the crowd. I can do nothing to amuse them, because, being English, I want a more solid satisfaction than the crowd at present demands, and being Scots, I want to *know*, and being scrupulous in the matter of finance, I want to find out who is to pay for it all. Then, too, I like the chances of travel, the odd people who are thrown up, the distracting dramas to which, as a stranger, one is admitted, and dear God, I love the world, that coloured, varied, entrancing balloon of an illusion which all the folly, all the stupidity, all the greed and all the boredom of the human race can not destroy.

I must write again from Paris, because there is a charm in the air which makes writing a delight and the idea of moving a pain. Yet I shall move—to avoid the crowd.

GILBERT CANNAN.

(Mr. Cannan's next letter will appear in the issue of 2 February.)

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

IN the living-room of the ranch where I worked as harvest-hand and irrigator last summer there was a modest gallery of ancestors. While I was checking up bales of alfalfa with the rancher, I observed out of the corner of my eye, these photographic reproductions of portraits and daguerreotypes, and later on, when an opportunity offered, I made some reference to these worthies and was rewarded with a sketch of the rancher's family history. He was descended from a New England family who had been pioneers in the North-east when it was a frontier even wilder and

more remote from "civilization" than this alfalfa ranch on the edge of a North-western desert. The family holdings, still intact and owned by lineal descendants, had been bought from Massachusetts Indians 250 years ago. But the rancher himself had been born in Illinois, where a still larger holding of farm-land had been obtained in the same way when the Middle-west was on the boundaries of the wilderness. The pioneer impulse that had moved his branch of the family to Illinois had survived in the rancher himself, who had been driven by it as far west as Alaska. Having been unsuccessful in a railway adventure there he had retreated to the Toppenish Bench to carry on the family tradition of tilling a virgin soil bought from Indians.

In the ranch bunkhouse there were, I discovered, many men of this same tradition, whose recorded genealogies were much shorter, to be sure, but whose names, disposition and physiognomy traced back to the *incunabula* of the old American stock. That spare, dour fellow named Coffin, whose hayrake was always in the vanguard of the teamsters at seven in the morning—how his ancestors would have turned in their graves in the little burying-ground on Nantucket Island if they could have seen him hurrying to the field on a Sunday morning to make hay and his four dollars a day while the sun shone. The club-footed man who slept beside me under the corral stack, who boasted that he had "coached" for Mrs. Potter Palmer in better days, so far as lineage is concerned, "could have sat down to victuals" with the elect of the country. He was an unfruitful twig on a branch of the Randolph family tree which has its roots in distant Virginia. Indeed, with very few exceptions, workers and ranchers in the Toppenish Valley bore the familiar names of the old Atlantic seaboard society—names of families that had "gone West" through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, to take the final leap to the Pacific Coast.

These names and faces came back to me the other day when I read an article by M. Henri de Man, reprinted in the *Living Age* from *Le Peuple* of Brussels. M. de Man, it seems, spent a year or more in the United States after the War, and is now publishing in *Le Peuple* some of his observations on contemporary American society. In this article entitled "Why Americans are not Socialists," he sees "the outlet afforded by settlement in the West" as the chief reason for the fact that radicalism is so weak and undeveloped in this country.

This frontier [says M. de Man], in the course of the last century moved slowly forward from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Coast. It has been a determining factor in the social history of the United States, and in forming its national psychology and its literature. . . . Undoubtedly the class-struggle would have developed very different aspects without that frontier. Had it not been for that safety valve, the labour-movement would be much more advanced than it actually is. The frontier drew off constantly the most energetic and intelligent of the working people. . . . The life of a pioneer farmer or of a prospector or miner might involve hardships and adventure; but these were precisely the qualities of life that attracted men who would otherwise have been militant labour-leaders.

All of which is an old story to most of us, but a story "to be continued in our next." With the "most intelligent and energetic of the working people," cranks, criminals, ne'er-do-wells, and the hardiest of the desperately poor was the crest of the tidal wave of emigration that swept westward through the nineteenth century and finally broke on the ultimate western boundary a decade or so ago when privilege became impregnably established in the chambers of com-

merce of the Pacific Slope. To M. de Man, after his long association with European radical movements, the backwash of this tidal wave in Western radicalism may seem sufficiently feeble, but to one bred in the tepid atmosphere of Eastern liberalism the will to revolution of the casual labourers of the Far West seems far from negligible.

In fact it seemed to me, as I worked with the migratory workers of the North-west last summer, that in their present revolutionary agitation a large measure of the tremendous energy that had been "settling the West" is now being absorbed. Much of this energy is still being used in the ruthless exploitation of material resources by the gentlemen who now top the heap in Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The way to the economic power they enjoy remains open to the enterprising and aggressive of the middle and lower-middle classes. Hay-buyers, bank cashiers, young farmers and lawyers of the right sort, real estate agents' understrappers, even a few of the skilled mechanics who can obtain credits for contracts may confidently dream of sitting at the mahogany board of the chamber of commerce dinner. But this leaves out of account the will to self-effectuation and the land-hunger of a vast population of unskilled migratory workers, which is to-day seeking a focus in a new leadership and a new philosophy.

This new leadership and new philosophy, I believe, are rapidly integrating. The "socialism" that one heard preached in the pool-halls and bunkhouses was something quite new in form if old in substance. It was not in the least "intellectual," of course. Karl Marx would shudder to hear the enthusiastic and blasphemous exposition of the "class-struggle" by an I. W. W. agitator, but it would greatly interest any super-patriot to hear voiced such a 100 per cent American radicalism, propagated by 100 per cent Americans of the old stock in the very purest American rhetoric—by men who are as alert, as energetic, as astute and amoral as the gentlemen of the vestries and the boards of trade, and as ready to come to a show-down in violent encounter.

These leaders on the guerrilla side of the "class-struggle" are not nearly so well schooled in strategy as are those with whom M. de Man has been associated in Europe, but they are learning rapidly in such skirmishes as at Everett, Wheatlands, and Centralia to keep their powder dry. They have at their backs a potential army five times as great as was the American Expeditionary Force. Mr. Carleton Parker, in his authoritative essay on the I. W. W., published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1917, says, "In 1910, of the 30,091,564 male persons listed as breadwinners, 10,400,000 approximately were in that particular class of unskilled work from which the migratory is recruited." Is this number likely to be diminished in a year when the privileged classes are openly rejoicing that "labour is being taught a lesson" by widespread unemployment? Is it not probable that the lesson that American labour is being taught, is the one that European labour has learned to the great dismay of these same privileged classes?

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

PHILOSOPHY AND PREFERENCE.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL, in his recent collection of miscellaneous essays entitled, "Mysticism and Logic," continues his fight against the subjection of philosophy to preference. Notably in "The Place of Science in a Liberal Education," in "Scientific Method in Philosophy" and in the title essay, he wages war without

stint and with a splendid impatience. Part of this warfare has to be of a guerrilla variety, hunting down hitherto hidden prejudices, tracking them to their dark lairs, and exposing their connexion with the stately conclusions of reputable and elaborate systems. Mr. Russell's weapons for the most part are not unworthy of his allegiance to the high cause of untainted truth. For the philosophies that he attacks because of their dependence upon human bias, do not automatically collapse the instant that this relation is revealed. Indeed it is conceivable that a system might be true even where most satisfying. It is necessary to defeat these systems by the demonstration of vitiating inconsistencies. Therefore he not only points out the parent prejudices of these philosophies, but uncovers their inadequacies and riddles their logic.

His first attack is levelled against the attempt to make mysticism into a philosophy. He finds this effort to be begotten by a desire for unity, for a "tidy" universe, a longing that is satisfied in this case at the expense of a scientific conception of the relative functions of intuition and intelligence, and a disregard of the existence of plurality and of time. He is, however, not unfriendly to the mystical conception of a certain irrelevance to philosophy of the notion of time and of good and evil. Mystical doctrine is not, however, consistently ethically neutral; it not infrequently asserts the ultimate reality of the good—a reality that is, to Mr. Russell's mind, of an entirely subjective character.

Mystics are not the only philosophic defenders of ultimate unity. Those of the classical tradition who have achieved it through a worship of logical absolutism at the expense of empirical knowledge are no nearer truth than those who, at the other pole, try to exclude the function of mind altogether. Thus Mr. Russell seems to think that Mr. Bradley commits both errors, unduly trusting a false logic, and then taking refuge in an illogical mysticism.

Mr. Russell's opposition to Pragmatism, to Bergsonism, and to all forms of evolutionary philosophy is again asserted in this volume. The very concept of progress seems to him unworthy of a scientific philosophy:

If the changes on the earth's surface during the last few millions of years appear to our ethical notions to be in the nature of progress, that gives no ground for believing that progress is a general law of the universe. Except under the influence of desire, no one would admit for a moment so crude a generalization from such a tiny selection of facts.

Evolutionism, in spite of its appeals to particular scientific facts, fails to be a truly scientific philosophy because of its slavery to time, its ethical preoccupations, and its predominant interest in our mundane concerns and destiny. A truly scientific philosophy will be more humble, more piece-meal, more arduous, offering less glitter of outward mirage to flatter fallacious hopes, but more indifferent to fate, and more capable of accepting the world without the tyrannous imposition of our human and temporary demands.

But after reading "A Free Man's Worship," which is included in the present volume, one's confidence in Mr. Russell's own ethical neutrality receives a rude shock. This remarkable essay first appeared in the *New Quarterly* in England as far back as 1907, and has since been twice reprinted. Although Mr. Russell remarks in his preface to the present volume that he has some present qualifications regarding it, he goes on to say: "The general attitude toward life which is suggested in that essay still seems to me, in the main, the one which must be adopted in times of stress and difficulty by those who have no dogmatic religious beliefs, if inward defeat is to be avoided." That attitude is dramatically stated as follows:

We see, surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human fellowship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour; from the great night without, a chill wind breaks in upon our refuge; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone, with what courage it can command, against the whole weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory in this struggle with the powers of darkness is the true baptism into the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the overmastering beauty of existence. From that awful encounter with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom and charity are born; and with their birth a new life begins. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be—Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past, the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity—to feel these things and to know them is to conquer them.

Is that true? Surely only in a limited subjective sense. But the question that concerns us here is whether Mr. Russell has been true to his own aim for an unprejudiced philosophy. Once grant that he has, that his external world has been fairly characterized, and a brave man can have little quarrel with the ethics he opposes to it. That ethics is one of indiscriminate defiance. It is heroic, capable of Olympic imperturbabilities, above all it makes no compromises with the resentment we feel at the grim, unceasing spectacle of human suffering. But can it be said that the universe upon which it is founded is one that is disclosed by a truly scientific philosophy? It seems rather to be the universe of one whose desire not to be influenced by preference makes him accept the conclusions he least likes for no better reason than that he least likes them. It is the universe of one whose instincts are all in revolt, whose sympathy for humanity, whose self-pity, perhaps, cries out: "If the universe is ever and anywhere as bad as that, away with it altogether! It is wholly alien to your worship and your aim. Call it 'hostile,' speak of its forces as 'powers of darkness,' call it 'indifferent.'" This, of course, is a not unnatural attitude. A philosopher can hardly be expected to be indifferent as to his conclusions. His philosophy represents, as nothing else can, his conscious estimate of the sum total of experience, according to the most irresistible compulsions. How, then, can he help caring intensely what his findings are as to the essential character of his existence! If he can not love the world that he discovers, he is tempted to hate it. If he can not get the satisfactions of steady co-operation, he seeks those of hostility. But because this reaction is natural, it does not follow that it is scientific, nor does its naturalness absolve his critics from the necessity of applying the tests that Mr. Russell himself considers essential to validity. As he so strongly and so often insists, it is the function of the mind to allow enough, and not too much, for the errors that passion creates.

Mr. Russell can not, even in the alleged interest of unprejudiced thinking, artificially exclude from his "external world" all but the data of the exact sciences, mathematics, physics and logic; in other words exclude all that part of reality that has to do with human instincts and desires, and then complain because such a world cares nothing for his hopes and fears. Mr. Russell may earnestly seek to prevent preference from dictating his conclusions but in the process he excludes it, and much else besides, from existence in the sum total of reality. Such a view is not impartial but partial. It results in a false dualism between a subjective, relatively unreal, and an objective reality, in which only the objective reality is worthy of philosophy, and only the subjective can give a basis for

ethics. This exclusion fosters fallacies not unlike those that Mr. Russell detected in the case of the classical proponents of logical absolutism.

In his own words, "a truly scientific philosophy should be more humble, more piece-meal, more arduous." A generalization as to Nature's hostility, or even as to Nature's indifference, is far too large for accuracy. As a matter of fact, man, even at his noblest and most humane, is not so easily separable from that Nature which, in some of her aspects, seems to him so cruel and remote. He is her product and a part of whatever she may be. It is she who heals his diseases, and it is she who inflicts them upon him. Sometimes he must fight her, when the instincts that she has implanted in him call upon him to do so. Fundamentally he is more at one with Nature than he is at odds with her and his consciousness is not always at war with the rhythms of her peace. To find out where his little cycle conflicts with or is in harmony with her longer course, this is the humble and piece-meal task of an ethics that is founded on a scientific philosophy.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

SWEATSHOP OR SOVIET?

AT this moment the men's clothing industry in the city of New York is falling into dissolution and chaos, or progressing toward a business-like normalcy, accordingly as one accepts the testimony of the idle workers on the one hand, or the employers on the other.

When the workers talk of ruin, it is no vague premonition that disturbs their minds; it is the fear of the restoration of the conditions that existed in this industry before the year 1915, when the expansion of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union was getting well under way. In those days, the men who made clothes in the New York market suffered under all the disabilities that belong to a sweated and seasonal industry. The presence of a reserve of cheap labour, the comparative unimportance of the plant and the mechanical equipment, and the consequent smallness of overhead costs, gave full play to the tendency to crowd most of the work of the year into brief intervals of fervid activity, followed by long periods of idleness. Some idea of the conditions under which the workers lived in pre-war days may be gained from the Labour Department's estimate that, for the years 1911-14, the average wage for a week's full-time employment in the clothing industry in New York City was about eleven dollars. When one remembers that in many cases the wage was as little as five dollars a week, while half and even two-thirds of the year was consumed in idleness, one understands that it is nothing less than the memory and the prospect of starvation that is now stalking up and down through the East Side.

Last spring, when the Amalgamated was at the height of its power, each of the workers in this trade was a citizen of an industrial commonwealth that seemed destined for continued peace and prosperity. The scarcity of labour during the war, and the unprecedented demand for civilian clothes which followed the armistice, had placed the workers in the clothing industry in a highly advantageous position. Under these unusual conditions, the Amalgamated had practically completed the organization of the trade and had secured one concession after another from the employers. In the spring of 1919, the industry throughout the country had adopted the forty-four-hour week as the basis of all reckonings, and in September it was estimated that the average weekly wage in the New York market was forty-five dollars. This is no

principally sum, when due allowance is made for periods of unemployment, but it certainly indicates an increase in wage which more than outbalances the increase in the cost of living, and hence provides for a considerable lift in the worker's standard of need and decency.

More important than all this, in the judgment of most students of the labour-movement, was the development, within the clothing industry, of institutions of self-government. The first important step in this direction was taken with the adoption of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx agreement in March, 1911. Between January, 1917, and February, 1920, similar agreements were entered into by the unionized workers and the associated employers in Baltimore, New York, Montreal, Chicago, Rochester, Toronto, Boston, and Cleveland. Each of these agreements was regarded as the constitution of an industrial commonwealth which included all the employers and all the employees in the establishments affected; and in each of these states a mechanism was created for the adjustment of all differences which might arise under the constitution. Minor difficulties were usually settled "on the job" by conferences between shop-chairmen and foremen, or between union-officials and labour-managers representing the employees and the employers in an individual plant. Where efforts at informal adjustment were unsuccessful, and always where any question affecting the entire clothiers' community was involved, the parties plead their case before a permanent trade- or arbitration-board composed of representatives of employers and employees in equal numbers, and presided over by an impartial chairman retained jointly by the union and the employers' association.

Naturally this mechanism was subjected from the first to all sorts of strains. During the period of prosperity which followed the armistice, some of the employers were tempted to over-bid the established scale of wages in order to secure additional workers; at this time the cutters, the aristocrats of the industry, believed that they could easily force a substantial increase in the pay of their particular craft, but President Hillman of the Amalgamated persuaded them that if they would make some sacrifice for the preservation of the constitution at a time when its operation seemed to interfere with their best interests, the system would remain for their protection in lean years to come. The cutters yielded to this argument, but now that conditions are reversed, the employers in New York and Boston have taken the opposite course and have declared that the industrial community is dissolved into its original elements.

The manner in which this rupture was brought about in New York City is particularly interesting. On the basis of figures which seem to cover only five operations in ten of the 2000 plants in New York, the manufacturers asserted that labour-costs were higher here than in competing markets; in an ultimatum to the union, they declared that in order to remedy this situation all workers must be made individually responsible for "a daily standard of production to be agreed on, and calculated upon base rates prevailing in other competitive markets: and that in the event of failure of any worker to produce such standard of production, the employer shall have the right to reduce wages *pro rata*, or to discharge the worker substantially under-producing."

In his reply to the ultimatum, Mr. Hillman said:

Let us explore the possibilities for bettering production without trying to resort to the old brutal way of cutting

wages as soon as there is a business decline. To submit to less is to submit to a reversion of force and anarchy in industry, instead of proceeding on the road of law and order in industry. This is the issue—clear and simple.

Later, in emphasis of the same idea, Mr. Hillman said "the issue is government; self-government by those who make up the industry, that is, by the workers and the employers."

Now I do not pretend to know the inside of Mr. Hillman's mind, but it seems to me that the very use here made of the word "government" implies an undue faith in a remedy that is essentially political, for a problem that is essentially economic. It is precisely where conflicts of interest are most frequent and most violent that government is most necessary. As things now stand, employers and employees have certain interests in common, and certain other interests in conflict. Their common interests are best typified in factory-organizations for the production of goods; their conflicting interests, in the employers' associations and the employees' unions which concern themselves chiefly with the buying and selling of labour. It may fairly be said that the governmental organism referred to by Mr. Hillman—the "impartial machinery"—is not an economic organization for the production of goods; it is primarily a political organization for the adjustment of the difficulties that arise between the employee as a vendor of labour, and the employer as a purchaser of this commodity. As long as this relationship between the employer and the employee remains the normal one, such machinery may serve a very useful purpose; but the most elaborate arrangements for the arbitration of grievances can not eliminate the sources out of which these grievances arise.

Because the citizens of the clothiers' community are so definitely divided into hostile groups for the very purpose of organizing the impartial machinery of government, the trade agreements between employers and employees appear to be not so much constitutions of industrial states, as treaties of arbitration between sovereign powers. Each of the signatories is most tempted to destroy the machinery when its power over the other party is greatest—the workers in good times, the employers when business is slack. Either of the parties may abrogate the treaty whenever it chooses, as the cutters threatened to do, and as the manufacturers of New York and Boston have just done. The remedy most commonly suggested for a similar difficulty in international affairs is the creation of a super-sovereignty. Where difficulties between employer and employee are involved, the same end may be attained by giving some sort of legal status to trade-agreements and the acts of the arbitration tribunals. In spite of the fact that this would mean the crystallization of relations between employer and employee in their present form, with the basic problems still unsolved, the Amalgamated actually attempted to accomplish something of this sort in the trial of *Michaels v. Hillman*, at Rochester last spring.

Writing in approval of this line of development, Dean Wigmore of the Northwestern University Law School says:

The significant thing is that *general principles are beginning to be formulated*. And the moment you have general principles, . . . you have justice in the form of law The sanction of government . . . will be granted. The community will approve. Industrial controversy will become as justiciable as property controversy.

To which one says, Heaven forbid! for one knows that if and when this is all accomplished, the causes of industrial conflict will still remain; and we persist in

hoping that people will some day become as much interested in eliminating the sources of disturbance, as they now are in doing justice between the contending parties.

Conditions in the clothing industry of New York to-day reveal the presence of conflicting interests which no amount of impartial machinery can reconcile; and these same conditions hint at the possibility of another way out. According to statements of officials of the Amalgamated, the industry in this market has never emerged fully from the chaos of the sweating period. Production has not been stabilized or standardized, machinery is not employed as extensively as it might be, and hundreds of very small shops still operate in competition with a comparatively few large ones. Representatives of the Amalgamated maintain that the attempt of the manufacturers to establish piece-rates and to reduce wages is, in fact, an attempt to unload upon the workers the whole burden of primitive production-methods and managerial inefficiency. In this connexion Mr. Hillman says:

Irritated people, good people, not quite familiar with the industry, say, 'We are paying too much for clothes.' We, the workers say, 'We think so too. Let us in the industry jointly find out why.' But the manufacturers have refused the proposition of any joint inquiry.

People say that the workers are getting high wages, that we have doubled the wages since 1914. We, the workers, say, 'Yes, we have put our side of the house in order, since 1914, with its sweat-shop days and below-American standards of living. Then we proposed to help by a *joint* inquiry, to put the other side of the house in order—the management.'

At its national convention for 1920, the Amalgamated voted for the establishment of self-imposed standards for its own workers, and in Mr. Hillman's proposal for a joint investigation there is indication of a desire to extend the same system to the managerial Holy of holies. Because the Amalgamated is an industrial union, organized locally by shops as well as by crafts, and because of the great spirit and ability which its leaders have exhibited, this organization of workers seems particularly well fitted for the task of standardizing all the operations of the clothing industry, and perhaps for assuming, a little at a time, the responsible direction of these operations.

As a matter of fact, the members of one of the cutters' locals in New York City are at this moment engaged in an attempt to demonstrate that in a co-operative clothing-factory, the group which ordinarily functions only as a bargaining-unit may easily become a self-directed productive organism. The announcement that the Amalgamated is about to begin the operation of co-operative stores is another indication of the direction in which the union is moving: ever since the days of the Owenite communities and the Rochdale Pioneers, co-operative trading has been the first step toward co-operative, or "soviet" production. This comparatively chaotic industry, with its small shops, its primitive methods, and its light over-head costs, seems a particularly fit field for the operations of a labour-union that shows a disposition to assume the responsibility not merely for the furnishing of standardized labour to the employer, but for the delivery of standardized goods to the consumer.

When the idea once gets abroad that the only labour-organization that is finally worth while is the organization that is formed, not to bargain, but to produce, it will be hard enough to generate much enthusiasm on the subject of "impartial machinery." In the language used to describe this machinery, in the very word "impartial," there inheres a half-hopeless confession that the conflict of interests between employer

and employee must go on indefinitely; but the infinitesimal advances already made toward the uniting of these interests in the same individual human beings are all in brave defiance of this hopelessness.

In proportion as this unification is achieved, and production is organized somewhat as it was in the days of the mediæval guilds, the labourer assumes a dignity that is foreign to any condition of wage-work. There is no law of nature to forestall such a development, and the trade-arbitrators will do well to raise no obstacle to its consummation. The machinery of arbitration should by all means be preserved, for the present, but the incorporation of this machinery into the fabric of the State is to be avoided as men avoid a plague. Indeed the final worth of this mechanism will be tested by the help it gives to the development of a system of production under which the arbitration of conflicting interests will be followed by their integration.

GEROID ROBINSON.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WORLD.

VIII. A MOUNTAIN IN THESSALY.

IN the ripe wisdom of the eighth grade, I sneered at the Greek pantheon, and thereby incurred the displeasure of my teacher. It was clear to me then that the gods did not exist, and I did not understand how anyone could believe otherwise. Perhaps some of the gods may have heard of my scorn of them and plotted against me, for fifteen years later I found myself living in full view of Mount Olympus.

My home in Saloniki was near the water-front, on the Bay of Saloniki, and from my chamber window I looked across the waters to the mountain where lived the gods. I saw it at dawn, and I saw it, rose-mantled, in the sunset, and sometimes I saw its great ghost in the moonlight. As I lived through those muddy, malarial months in Saloniki, I understood readily enough why the gods had chosen to live on the healthy heights beyond the waters. The climate of the low-lying city would have killed them off before they ever arrived at maturity.

Every evening we used to go to the café of the "Cercle Militaire Française." There, soothed by a nectar known as *Mavrodaphne*, we whiled away the sunset hour, and often contemplated events on Olympus. The mountain was a part of every picture, and could not be ignored.

For more than a year I had opportunity to observe the ways in which the gods participated in the affairs of men, and I would never again deny their existence. At first I thought them very inefficient, and sometimes it seemed that they sought to amuse themselves at the expense of the humans in the city, for they caused men to come hither from all corners of the earth, making a babel and confusion such as the world had never known before.

The men in uniform everywhere were proof enough to me that Ares, the god of war, was still on duty. The great transports in the bay and the aeroplanes flying out Kalamara way were evidence, too, that Hermes, the god of commerce and invention, was taking an active interest in affairs. When the enemy planes dropped bombs or munition dumps were fired at night I thought of Hephaestus, the deformed god of fire and forger of thunderbolts, and sometimes when British warships appeared in the bay it seemed that Poseidon, the ruler of the sea, had appointed a proxy in the person of Britannia.

But perhaps Apollo was the busiest of the gods, for there was never a day without its flood of rumours, proving that the prophetic one was ever near. It is written of Apollo that he took delight in the founding of new cities. The truth of this was strikingly proved while I was in Macedonia, for great cities of tents and shacks—some for soldiers, others for refugees—sprang up like mushrooms from the Ægean to the Adriatic. I used to feel sorry for Athena, patroness of the domestic arts, especially after the great fire that nearly destroyed Saloniki. Food-stuffs were always scarce and there was almost no fuel for cooking. The poor were mostly at work on roads or in military shops and had no time to care for their homes. Many of them, poverty-stricken by the war, had sold what things of beauty they may have possessed. The once beautiful homes in the Quartier Turque had fallen into a sad state of unpainted shabbiness, and almost every house in the city had its share of insects. Hestia, too, must

have been desolated to see every home converted into billets for soldiers of a dozen nationalities and to know that hearths went cold for lack of charcoal.

Most of the other gods and goddesses revealed themselves in one way or another as the war went on. Almost every day we heard gossip of Eros and Dionysus, and there was always plenty of news about the doings of the three Fates. Thanks to the proximity of the gods and their faithful agents, events moved with great rapidity at Saloniki—men got drunk quickly, fell in love easily; and when at last Ares got tired of his sport, he brought the Balkan war to an end with incredible speed.

In the light of all this, my faith in the gods became profound, and I sought eagerly to know more about them. Several times my journeys took me near to Olympus, but I never found time to climb to its summit. My friends in the British Air Force often enjoyed a spin across the sea and above the great mountain, so I asked some of them to take note of what they saw up there. But none ever reported any sign of the gods. This, however, is not a matter of surprise, since it is hardly likely that the gods would have chosen to render themselves visible in the presence of the strange machines. Nor were they willing to show themselves to a camera, for one of my friends made the experiment with a moving-picture camera, and his pictures showed only a bare mountain-top.

Remembering that the gods often revealed their will and intentions through the oracle at Delphi, I once made a trip to that famous spot. I walked there one evening, from the town of Itea on the Gulf of Corinth. In the morning I visited the Temple of Apollo, situated high up one side of a deep canyon. My guide seemed to have no great influence with the gods, and there was no revelation on the day of my visit. As my guide spoke no English except "Very fine" and "400 B.C.," and as I did not speak Greek it was not possible for me to learn more of the intentions of the gods than the guide-book had taught me. I suspect, too, that the oracles may have been hushed by the presence of several noisy automobiles which had brought a number of French officers from the port by the Gulf.

It was in the summer of 1918 that I gained my deepest insight into the ways of the gods and goddesses of high Olympus. Through my scepticism regarding the Eleusinian mysteries I had lost the protecting influence of Demeter, with the result that I found myself in a hospital at Kalamara. It was a peaceful place, situated on a bluff well above the bay, and looking direct toward Olympus. Most of my waking hours I spent in an easy chair under a canvas roof, gazing at the Greek *cayiques* beating against the wind, or on the great convoys bound seaward at sundown. In the background of the picture was always the mountain.

One of my eyes was under a patch and I dared not read, so there was little to do save contemplate the pantheon. In the golden haze of the Greek evening it was pleasant to imagine the gods leaving their work for the day and going off to enjoy a cut of venison and a bottle of nectar, just as the officers of the Allies were wont to do. The doings of the gods seemed quite as real as the rest of life. I wondered, too, as I sat there, if the gods were ever afflicted with ennui, or as the English say "fed up" after the long vigil of the war; if they were I suspected that they would be ready soon to put an end to it all.

I asked the gods for many things in those days, and sometimes I even dared to dream of the Elysian fields. I was barely out of the hospital when the great Balkan offensive began, and there followed months of miracles for me, the greatest of all being this: that life was continuously and extraordinarily interesting. So it is that I believe in the gods and goddesses. But since they never rendered themselves visible to me, I can only picture in my mind the mountain where they dwell—Olympus, snow-capped monument to the faith and dreams of men, rising boldly in cerulean skies.

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

MISCELLANY.

It seems to be characteristic of Americans to jump to the defence of outraged womanhood, sometimes with an alacrity unwarranted by the demands of the situation, sometimes when even the outrage itself is a matter of doubt. An amusing example of this latter Quixotism is furnished by Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the English sculptor, whose entertaining gossip about some Moscow celebrities was published lately in the columns of the *New York Times*. Mrs. Sheridan, in one of the entries in her diary, reports a conversation with Mr. Washington Vanderlip,

(who is not, as the *Times* so carefully warns us, the Mr. Vanderlip), in which that gentleman expresses his fears as to what will become of "womanhood" under a regime which demands of all its subjects, full participation in the multifarious processes of State building.

"MR. VANDERLIP," writes Mrs. Sheridan, "was horrified one day. He told me with great concern that a weak little bourgeois friend of his, once rich but now a stenographer, had received a paper ordering her, in the event of snow falling, to enlist her services among those who were to shovel the street clear in front of their doors.

"'Terrible,' said Mr. Vanderlip.

"'Why terrible?' I asked.

"'Terrible that women well-bred and unused to manual labour should be called upon to shovel snow.'

"'But,' I argued, 'she has had better food and care when young than the working classes and might therefore be physically stronger and more able to do this work than many others.'

"I thought of some of my friends in England who years ago in the strike had made most efficient railway-porters. I told Mr. Vanderlip I would take pride if I were a Russian bourgeoisie in showing the people here how I could do as good a day's work as anyone else and that I was not just useless and helpless as they imagined. Mr. Vanderlip disagreed. He said (I wonder if it is the American point of view) that women ought not to work at all. They ought to be worked for. It was quite useless to talk to him about co-operation or economic independence of women."

MRS. SHERIDAN wonders whether this is the American point of view. I doubt it. At any rate it is not exclusively American, for behold that undeniable Englishman, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose masterpieces of polemic the New York *Times* has been publishing as antitoxin to the Bolshevik virus of Mr. Wells, is as much concerned for the honour and beauty of womanhood as ever Mr. Vanderlip could be. Thus, when one reads his broadsides of irony addressed to "My dear Wells" one finds, among other things, that Mr. Jones is much bothered about lace. Just as we read of Mr. Vanderlip buying up all the birds of Paradise in Petrograd, to the intense amusement of the town, so we find Mr. Jones worrying about the imminent mouldering of the remaining supplies of old lace.

"TAKE for instance," says Mr. Jones to Mr. Wells, "the stores of beautiful old lace that were robbed from Russian gentlewomen and that, you tell us, are now packed away in the former Russian Embassy. Lace has always been one of the enduring ornaments of delicate and refined womanhood; one of those graceful perquisites of her sex, whereby the mate of man has made herself something different from the mate of the gorilla." (A delicate compliment which ought to gratify the ladies!) "What," resumes Mr. Jones, "do you suppose should be done with these stores of beautiful old lace that the Bolsheviks have confiscated? Would you let them stay in their cases till they drop into dust? Would you ration them out, as far as they will go, to drape the shivering shoulders of a few wretched, half-clad Russian women and to mock their rags and hunger? What do you say should be done with all this beautiful lace and furniture and other treasures that were fashioned to be of use and adornment to private persons, and as their private property can have no purpose unless they are thus owned and used by individuals? Would you destroy them? . . . If you would destroy them, you might, with equal reason and from the same motive, destroy all the other chief results of civilization which, indeed, seem to be the final goal of Bolshevism, etc. etc."

As to what is to become of all this old lace "My dear Wells" has not yet deigned to tell us—probably because he "never argues with Mr. H. A. Jones." "I would as soon argue," so Mr. Wells assured the New York *Times*

a few days ago, "with some tiresome, remote and inattentive foghorn." Mr. H. N. Brailsford, however, has come to the rescue by telling us of at least one of the perquisites of "private persons" which has been put to general use without destroying its virtue. "You may," says Mr. Brailsford, "in Moscow, enjoy the unique experience of listening to chamber-music played by the greatest executants in Russia on a quartet of Stradivarius instruments. The revolution brought them out of their long silence in the glass cases of rich collectors, 'socialized' them and gave them, like their paintings and *objets d'art* to the enjoyment of the world." As a matter of fact, it is precisely this "socialization" of art objects that so much troubles the minds of gentlemen like Messrs. Jones and Vanderlip—and in this matter, the man of letters and the man of business are singularly alike. What they fear is not that beautiful things will become extinct but that they will become common. Common enough, that is to say, to destroy the pride of possession and to prevent that luxury of display which, as Mr. Veblen has pointed out, is such a spur to the acquisitiveness of the leisure class.

It is this underlying truth that makes such stuff as Mr. Jones's so much more than merely a subject for humour. It is the last cry of the spiritually dispossessed: it assumes that the things of the spirit will somehow be dissipated and cheapened by diffusion. The assumption of these people is that radical changes in the social structure will somehow fractionalize the spiritual inheritance of man. The implication behind all their criticism is that art will fail, beauty will fail—even that women will become somehow defeminized, mal-formed, bearded perhaps. Does not Mr. Jones regard it as one of the chief differences between the human female and the female gorilla that the former occasionally wears old lace! Naturally enough this fear of the fractionalization of the spirit is strongest in those who are least affluent in that respect and the nearest to impoverishment! Certainly there are few eminences that would not be lowered by the equalization of opportunity. Mr. Wells would not suffer much. Mr. Jones might, Mrs. Sheridan herself, a sculptor and an aristocrat, seems singularly little afraid. "I love the bed-rock of things here," she says, "the vital energy, the absence of hypocrisy and conventions. If I had no children I would remain here and work. The food-problem worries me far less than it does any one else and I would rather live in discomfort in an atmosphere of gigantic effort than in luxury among the purposeless."

IN all its phases the present controversy about Russia is unusually revealing, and what excellent material for the humorist it constantly provides! Think of the New York *Tribune* calling Mr. Wells to task for saying that the present Government in Russia is the only government possible. "Nothing succeeds like success," says the *Tribune* sadly, just as if it never had believed and never could believe in the philosophy embodied in that proverb, a philosophy which surely is the corner-stone of our present system.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

PREMONITION.

When darkness like a sea
Swims in among the stars,
And I am gripped with strangeness,
With wild mysterious fears,
I plead deep, deep in me
With all the gods who bless
This world with light and beauty,
Or any god that hears,
That I may watch a while
A dawn, with gold clouds flying,
And walk a country mile
And meet a human face,
Before my soul goes crying
Through the waste loneliness
Of weird and starless space.

OSCAR WILLIAMS.

ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE PUBLIC.

THE authorities of the State of Nebraska have decreed that there shall be a new State Capitol building. If the winning design be accepted as final, it will not have a dome. Such a decision seems somewhat startling. It predicts a radical departure from what has been the generally accepted style for such buildings. Hitherto it has not been thought that a State Capitol could very well get along without a dome—it would not be polite or respectful—it has even been whispered that it would not be American! But the architect who won the competition for the Nebraska State Capitol proposes a tower, and a tower it probably will be.

In saying that the authorities of Nebraska have declared that there shall be a new Capitol, one is impressed if one cares to remember history, with the gulf that lies between the days when men were building, slowly and lovingly, St. Mark's in Venice, for example, and the present day when we settle these things much more expeditiously with a legislative fiat, an architectural competition, a bond-issue, and a contract for the building. But, even with all our speeding-up, there seems to be something missing; something very precious, too, as we are continually being told by the apostles of art, who are for ever reminding us that our population seems to have no interest in architecture or for that matter in any other art. The public may get a little excited about some particular building, or painting, if the press cares to headline it in superlatives dealing with size and cost. Under such circumstances the public may discuss their new courthouse, or whatever it may be, for some time, not only among themselves but even with the stranger within their gates. But as one listens to their talk one realizes that the building has no real meaning for them. What they feel about it is a kind of pumped-up vanity, a mere echo of the descriptions in their newspapers. How can they feel anything else? What did they put into the building except a little money? Into what other terms than those of cost and size can they translate their feelings?

As long as all architectural development, with rare exceptions, is at the mercy of our blind worship of an ignoble land-system and of our obsequious reverence for privilege and monopoly, why should we be expected to have æsthetic perceptions? During the few moments in life when we are able to take our eyes away from the shrines of the competitive struggle, how can we be expected to change our lifelong attitude and think in other terms than those of price? If anyone imagines that the relentless conflict for a livelihood, measured in terms of money, has not exalted our banking institutions to be the object of our most profound worship, then he most certainly has failed to give any attention to the architectural development of bank buildings. Look at them!

That is why, when we approach the problem of building a State Capitol, we have no background. True enough, our political system makes it impossible for us to go about the business in the simplest way. No official committee dares to risk the selection of an architect. Public funds are concerned, and as a nation we know that public funds are a magnet that attracts evil. But behind our political

system lies the fact that as a people we know very little about architecture. Our citizens do not discuss the subject in their homes, or in the Pullman smoking-room, or at their clubs. Thus there is no popular knowledge on the subject, no appreciation, no solid force of recognition by which to establish the merits of an architect, by which to single him out as indisputably the man for the job, so that his choice would meet an approval so unanimous as to challenge opposition on any grounds. Hence the system of architectural competitions.

Perhaps, if we were to inquire into the matter a little more deeply, we might find that aside from the economic factors, the apostles of art are not primarily concerned with the taste and opinion of the public. What they really desire is an approval of the bond issue. They are concerned with "selling" an idea. Too often they ask no more than that the public shall pay the bills and leave them a free hand, and then accept the result as a sort of prescription labelled "the influence of art on the home," to be compounded at any "Fine Arts Society."

These observations are general, and not specific. The Nebraska Capitol competition was presided over by a progressive governor, a most capable commission, and an accomplished professional advisor. The result, by many, is considered to have reached the high-water mark in architectural competitions. The winning design was submitted by Mr. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue of New York City, who has many well-known and highly considered works to his credit. He approached the problem of designing a Capitol for the State of Nebraska in what seems to be the only right way. Not from the East, with its classicism and academicism, but from the West, more truly from the South-west whence derives the one architectural tradition of which Nebraska can boast, which is Spanish, as it happens. Rightly Mr. Goodhue looked upon the problem as being one where, in the absence of any highly developed form of architectural expression, the architect must seek to evolve that which is orderly and harmonious and will fit with balance and precision into the future. He must not borrow from a past that has no relation to this present. Out of the scanty remnants of what was done when men were free and knew what and how to build, he must find the material by which to be articulate for an inarticulate people—a people who can not be positive factors in guiding the building of a monument, even though it ought to stand as the symbol of freedom, for their freedom has gone from them. Few of us would admit it, but the truth is that we are far more deeply concerned with being like each other than we are with being free.

Thus the architect is never inspired by the mass because he is never a part of it. He is for ever aloof from it. Even the very workmen are strangers to him, and he dares not trust them to work except to his detailed plans. The whole craft tradition has gone. The master builder has been replaced by a financial magnate as the investigation now proceeding in New York clearly shows. Alone, pathetically alone, the architect is for ever trying to transplant. Often he is very unintelligent about it. Always the soil is either indifferent or reluctant. Yet, after all, is it not a mistake to expect people to understand architecture, or any art, when they are so thoroughly immersed in the system of business for profit? Between the folly of giving land

increments to private owners and the ignorant worship of the power of credit, modern architecture is indeed a sickly babe in the cradle. A State Capitol competition may bring a momentary faint flush to its cheeks and light up its face with a wan smile but the relapse is speedy and certain. Architecture was not born of the union of land- and credit-monopoly, nor is it nourished by the system of business for profit.

That is what we see when we seek the reason why our city streets are lined with architectural monstrosities, in which the inhabitants ride up and down in little cages, and out of which they surge and flow into subterranean rat-holes, emerging thence into more monstrosities and all amidst a traffic density that is becoming not only perilous but calamitous. Nebraska, *per contra* (any agricultural State would serve as an example), is free from that form of urban development. It has great spaces of land and open sky, of fertile farms, of prosperous husbandry. Its people ought to be free to revel in all the arts. The whole State ought to thrill over the building of a new Capitol. It ought to be the theme of discussion at the grange, the country store, the village post-office. In the schools the children ought to be dreaming of the great building with its spacious rotunda soaring more than a hundred feet in the air, its tower rising a sheer four hundred feet and visible far out over the prairies that stretch around the city of Lincoln. The influence of this great work ought to run through every farm and fireside in the State as the love of building once ran through Europe. For narrow as that love was, perverted as it was by asceticism and superstition, it developed a love of structure and an understanding, through symbolism, without which all our efforts to graft architecture onto the present civilization are merely the childish pastimes of people who themselves have no genuine culture. What do the school-children of Nebraska know of symbolic structure and decoration? What do school-children anywhere know of it?

The fact is our people are not interested in building except as it is a part of the system of making money. Why should they be? The law of profit is to-day inexorable. As a consequence, architecture is depraved to the silly pursuit of rising land-values or to courting the proprietors of credit in the hope that a few crumbs may fall from their table. Less perceptible, but no less deadly in effect, the influence of these factors pervades the remotest confines of the nation. Buildings are everywhere incidental. They are a part of the business-system. They are generally built to sell or rent and not to use. In the country they are, as a rule, skimmed to the last degree because their cost has a direct relation to their taxable value, which in its turn has a direct bearing upon the profits of the farm. Why, under such circumstances, any farmer should think of buildings in terms of architecture is beyond understanding. Before him looms the ogre of the tax assessor. He may, in some day of affluence, lose his fear of that minion of the law and build himself some goodly structures, but those are the rare exceptions. It is not difficult to understand, therefore, that when the Nebraska newspapers referred to Mr. Goodhue's design as "a power-house with a stack in the centre," and as "a fort with a toothpick stuck in the middle," they were echoing the general distrust and suspicion of the expense

attached to everything beautiful. As a matter of fact, Mr. Goodhue's tower is a stroke of genius, for in it are to be housed the State archives. Moreover, Mr. Goodhue has thus saved all the waste space and huge expense of a dome. But the editors of Nebraska newspapers are not interested in such things. They seek to voice popular feeling, and why indeed should they not?

Nevertheless, Nebraska will have a very beautiful Capitol. That it will stand as a glowing symbol of anything really vital in life or government, is doubtful. Great art is born only of great freedom. It can not be bought. It must grow out of the aspirations of men toward something higher than absentee ownership, landlordism, and slipped ease. When so grown, architectural competitions will not be needed. We shall know where the laurel wreath belongs. Our citizens would glow with fervour as of old. Like René de Montauban, of old romance, men would leave their commercial adventures and serve as workmen on the building to which they had dedicated their love; the building which was to stand as the symbol of their spiritual life. Like the Countess Beatrice, wife of Gerard, women too, would labour with their hands in order that something might flow out of their very souls into the fabric of the structure. Yes, it all sounds strangely fantastic, but it was thus that great buildings were born and grew into great objects of affection and became precious inheritances. A legislative act, a competition, a bond-issue, and a contract will never achieve the kind of a building that exalts and purifies men. The exaltation and the purification must come first, and the only way to make that possible is to open wide the door of economic freedom.

Let us first seek to discover how to put an end to the ever-increasing appropriation and subsequent capitalization of socially created land-values by private owners. Buildings must still be built on land. The economic rent demanded for the use of land is a gaping wound in our social structure, it is a cancer at the heart of architecture. Vainly do architects struggle to throw it off. They invent higher buildings, cheaper buildings, buildings with fewer rooms, with smaller rooms, and to-day they stand utterly helpless in the face of a demand for shelter which threatens to become a disaster. Yet millions of acres of land lie idle. But the moment those acres are sought in any volume commensurate with our building needs, up goes the price—the minute there is even a rumour that the land may be needed, up goes the price. Wherever two or three gather together to make a home, up goes the price of the land on which they seek to build. It is a hopeless battle, and architecture is slowly sinking to the level of serving financial business wherever a profit can be shown.

There are, of course, other vital factors which have now crept in. There is credit-monopoly, labour-monopoly, profit-monopoly, and the monopoly of natural resources; but these are all the products of that basic monopoly which seeks to levy a tribute for the use of the surface of the earth. With land-freedom, we should have been spared all the spawn of land-monopoly—they would have died at birth. Until we are rid of them and land is again free, art and architecture must inevitably decay. With land-freedom restored, we shall have a revival of art the like of which the world has never known.

CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

HAMLET AND ORESTES.

SIRS: It seems to me that your contributor, Mr. Alexander Harvey, in his article, entitled "The Hamlet Who Did" published in your issue of 29 December, ignores a vital cause for the seeming hesitation in the Hamlet who didn't plunge a knife into his mother's bosom for her infidelity. I do not agree with the conclusion that Christian culture was the cause of the Dane's indecision, but how about Christian superstition? His father's ghost commanded him,

Howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive,
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven.*
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

Many methods available to Orestes could not be used by Hamlet; he would have to dismiss the very suggestion of matricide because of the ghost's injunction, but Christian culture did not prevent Hamlet from stabbing the king; there was no hesitation there. I am, etc.,

Stafford, Conn.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

MR. SANTAYANA'S PHILOSOPHY.

SIRS: Allow me to make a few dissenting remarks on Professor Santayana, whom Mr. Harold Stearns has praised in your issue of 29 December.

To my thinking Mr. Santayana is not the sort of thinker that any authentic philosopher would care to trust very far. He is a *littérateur* who writes about philosophy; and his philosophy has only one merit: namely, it is literary. With Mr. Santayana truth is a matter of taste; as Beauty is the holiness of Truth. He is the debonair, singing blind man whom we have sent in quest of the light. His thinking is urban through and through. Were he born in the upper classes of Great Britain, they would have made him a Prime Minister. He respects everything natural for that is a natural attitude to take about things. That is why he is a failure. He has failed to be taken seriously. As a literary man he has not the finish and mastery of a Plato; and as a philosopher his ideas are not original; one can not think of him as even remotely resembling the Greek master. Serious thinkers like James, Royce, and Professor Dewey, I am sure would never think of classing him with the first two dozen philosophers of the world. Yet we must read Mr. Santayana as we read Mr. Arthur James Balfour. For like Mr. Balfour he is a competent critic of other people's original ideas—there is none better living. But is that enough to cause us to adore his doctrines? It is this adoration of Mr. Santayana on the part of Mr. Stearns that I resent.

These are grave times that we are living in. We need a prophet and a lover. He alone can remove our slavery. The unreserved worship of a lesser man means the making of a new false prophet. The world needs a Plato and a Christ. Only one who knows and loves can lead us out of this Valley of Death where our irresponsible leaders have left us. Six years of hate can not be healed by mere knowledge couched in perfect phrases. Give us the lover, the liberator! Mr. Santayana is neither. He is able to do one thing: namely, make our slavery bearable. I am, etc.,

New York City.

MURIEL SAFFORD.

WHAT EVERY ARTIST KNOWS.

SIRS: The article by Mr. Harold Stearns, "Illusions of the Sophisticated," in the *Freeman*, 15 December, 1920, discloses two things which merit comment: (1) a sensitive intelligence well adapted to make artistic divisions; (2) the habitual error which occurs when art is discussed from the intellectual platform. Since the artist, in poverty-stricken America, should find his best friends among just such men as Mr. Stearns, an immediate effort should be made to combat the point of view he expresses in his article.

Mr. Stearns well points out that art is "a happy marriage between instinct and instinct's object," that it has no relation except to reality, no relation whatever to "impassioned recollection" or "rosy hopefulness in the future." Then, turning about, he speaks of art as existing in certain periods, spasmodically, between which, as at present, men must live without it. He directly implies that art is a spontaneous creation, a by-product of happy conjugations between emotions, instincts and their environment *which only great periods afford*.

This is the illusion which intellectuals like Mr. Stearns habitually accept; it is art from the outside, an effect "important as a fact only when it is unconscious," a half acci-

dental effervescence of something else. Whereas the thing may have been working within itself for many generations. Mr. Stearns sees art only as a social phenomenon. There appear to him only isolated patches on the screen, related to nothing but the politico-social events to which they happen to be adherent.

Art lives when men of a certain sort are in contact with their environment and then only. This may occur at any time. Art becomes a social phenomenon in great periods only accidentally when external circumstances approach its constant requirements.

But the intellectual gives himself entirely away when, for instance, he tells us that to talk about art is, in effect, a social crime. Art, so he says, is a fact of importance only as such; to talk about it is futile. But Mr. Stearns neglects to make the important distinction that he refers only to philosophico-social discussion. He neglects to note that art can be talked about profitably at any time—but by artists.

It is his social, extraneous viewpoint, the constant attempt to "solve" art that the intellectual always makes, an attempt to make art dependent upon something else, to deny it its true, self-related, if disturbing, existence.

The thing which every artist sees without the necessity of demonstration because it is part of his own body, the thing which the philosopher writing about art never can see, is that art is the product of a certain sort of living contact that can be made to live, even for discussion, in no other way; that the so-called fallow periods are no less possessed in this passionate satisfaction than any other. In fact, that in regard to it all periods are the same.

The one thing that an intellectual writing about art can properly emphasize is that he, the intellectual, is not among those who are enjoying life in a certain way. So that in spite of himself, as far as art goes, being lean, he is forced to indulge in the very things he despises, on the one hand, recollections, and on the other, hopefulness about the future.

Yet he persists in discussing art. What he says is usually worth reading, when there is nothing better, because in his confusions he is seen to be struggling to get into contact with reality.

After all, this is perhaps the true province of intellectualism—to bridge over the secret periods. But the thing that is needed is not less discussion about art but more and more—but always by artists. America is especially in need of just such talk to-day, talk that tends more than anything to quicken the artists themselves into those public demonstrations of their instincts which we are starving for. In a poverty-stricken country such as ours is to-day, attempts to brand as unimportant even the smallest phenomenon of spiritual contact with life, which art is, are nothing more nor less than vicious. I am, etc.,

Rutherford, New Jersey.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

A RADICAL PEACE SOCIETY.

SIRS: As Chairman and Vice Chairman of the Women's Peace Society, we feel indebted to you for the article, "An Incompetent Method," in the *Freeman* of 5 January. The truth is, that we are wholly in agreement with you as to the futility of political methods. But, first of all, we wish to say that perhaps you are mistaken in our identity when you refer to us as "our old friends, the Women's Peace Society." No doubt, you confuse us with an older organization, the "Women's Peace Party," which existed in the parlous days before the war. Therefore, allow us to explain that there is a very great difference between that organization and ours. When we organized the Women's Peace Society in October, 1919, it was because we realized that peace societies had failed for the reason that they were never ready to lay the ax to the root of the tree. Therefore, we adopted the principle that human life must be held sacred and inviolable under all circumstances. This means that our members are pledged never to support war. Our platform includes: "Immediate, universal and total Disarmament and Free Trade the world over." We trust you will see from this statement that no Peace Society could be or ever has been, more radical in its aims than ours.

Now as to the question of methods: we were fully convinced when we began our work that we, ourselves, would waste little time trying to influence politicians. On the other hand, we have directed all our energy to arousing women from their apathy, knowing well that when they make up their minds rightly on this, the greatest of all questions, politicians will quickly bend the knee. When, last week, some of our members urged and secured the introduction of a bill in Congress empowering the President to call an International Conference for Disarmament, we were glad to avail ourselves of this

political act as a means of publicity and education. Likewise, when we pledge ourselves not to vote for any candidate, unless he stands for disarmament, we feel that we are carrying on a campaign of enlightenment and education, especially for women. Education must precede action if the latter is to be effective.

Should we at this moment call upon women to refuse to pay war-taxes, they would not heed us. Perhaps many of them would remember that our tea-spilling, non-tax-paying ancestors precipitated a war. We are, etc.,

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD.
ELINOR BYRNS.

New York City.

We spoke of the Women's Peace Society as "old friends" merely by way of cordiality, and not as confusing it with the Women's Peace Party. If the Society would add a couple of words to its platform it would show its aims as really radical. Why not say, "Disarmament, freedom of production and freedom of trade, the world over"? We agree that "politicians will quickly bend the knee." That is why we see no danger of stirring up a war, even by employing direct action.—EDITORS.

THE APPRECIATION OF ART.

SIRS: In an article on "Art in America," which appeared in the *Freeman* for 10 November, I read that "... the public does not sufficiently understand and appreciate a work of art." Now there are many artists and art-students in this country who believe that the public does manifest a real appreciation of works of art, and this in spite of numerous unnecessary restrictions which prevent the full enjoyment of our galleries. For instance, the Walters collection in Baltimore is closed in summer, at a time when people from the South are most likely to be visiting Maryland, and is open only in the latter part of the winter. The Gardner collection in Boston is also closed throughout the summer months.

Since few artists are blessed with an excess of dollars they can not follow the openings of these galleries; if they are to see the pictures at all, it must be when happy chance offers an opportunity. In Europe a ring at the door-bell, a visiting card and a tip to the serving-man, will open the way to almost any private collection; but there may be a very good reason for the reluctance of American collectors to adopt this custom—some such reason, perhaps, as the child gave in explanation of her absence from a party: "Mother had to leave me at home because I will pick up things and meddle."

There is, however, another sort of exhibition that can perhaps reach a wider public than any private collection, however freely the latter may be thrown open, and this is the travelling exhibition of moderately priced paintings. The American Federation of Arts might bring within the view of people up and down the country the sort of paintings that they can buy and live with. Many artists who do very creditable work would gladly seek representation in these travelling exhibitions and would sell their works for small sums if only there were more opportunities to place their minor works before the public.

Anyone who thinks that an artist puts a small price upon a painting only when he thinks it has no merit is very likely to be mistaken. At one time when I was studying with a well-known European painter, I wanted very much to buy a small canvas of his. One day he said to me, "If you really want the picture, you may have it for ten dollars." I was very much surprised, since he had told me that a certain wealthy collector had once wanted to buy the picture. I reminded him of this fact, thinking that I had misunderstood his offer:

"Oh, well," he replied, "So-and-so is rich, he can buy anything he likes, but you are my pupil; I wish you to have it." Needless to say, I grasped the opportunity and still own and cherish the picture. I am, etc.,

Houston, Texas.

E. RICHARDSON CHERRY.

METHODS OF CRITICISM.

SIRS: I should like, with your permission, to reply to Mr. Paul Strand's letter, published in the *Freeman* for 12 January, stating what he considers to be objections to certain articles of mine which have recently appeared in your pages. In so far as Mr. Strand follows my own method, that of stating a conviction and letting the reader decide from his personal judgment as to its validity or error, I do not see why I should find fault with his manner of discussion. I do not agree with his conclusions, but it is for others to decide whether he is right in saying that my words are "meaningless," "absurd," "of no particular interest to anybody," that they "only throw more mud into the æsthetic puddle," etc., etc. But there is one impersonal question around which nearly the whole of Mr. Strand's letter turns, and as it has sometimes been dis-

cussed by others, I think I may comment on it here because of its general interest. The question is that of what he calls the subjective and the objective methods of criticism. Let me say that I am still—on the basis of Mr. Strand's definition and exemplification—in favour of the subjective method. It seems to me of interest to quote the confirmation of this opinion which I found recently on a chance re-reading of the book on "Cubism" by Gleizes and Metzinger. "It is only," say these authors, "after the passage of years and centuries, when thousands of minds have mutually corroborated one another, . . . that one may perhaps speak, without being ridiculous, of objective criticism."

Mr. Strand exemplifies very clearly the defects of the objective method for which he asks when he discusses the passage in my article which reads: "The painting of Albert P. Ryder is one of the genuine and beautiful things of the nineteenth century. And to-day we have Mr. Prendergast, whose work is worthy of a place in any collection of modern art." If only on the score of comprehensibility, let me ask the reader to compare these two sentences with Mr. Strand's statement: "His mention of Ryder and Prendergast (apparently Inness and Wyant merely bring excessive prices) is as if in an article on 'Literature in America' only Walt Whitman and Brander Matthews were spoken of." Here, one may suppose, is a perfect specimen of the objective method as defined by Mr. Strand: "By the objective method I mean that which seeks to illumine a particular thing by relating it to other forms of energy." I maintain that Mr. Strand's attempt to "illumine" results in failure because the time demanded by Gleizes and Metzinger not yet having passed, the thousands of minds not yet having decided on the exact significance of the terms of his comparison, Mr. Strand's "other forms of energy" mean different things to different persons. In choosing Whitman as a parallel for Ryder, was Mr. Strand trying to convey the idea that the painter was indecent? The word is not of my choosing. It is taken from the article on Whitman by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, in the *New York Times* of 2 January, 1921. I feel sure that this was not the aspect of Whitman which Mr. Strand had in mind, and that he offered the name as that of the greatest poet that America has produced. Even so, however, it is extremely difficult to find any point of contact between Ryder and Whitman, save on the score of greatness. And the word itself is so "subjective" that it may be unfair of me to impute its use to Mr. Strand, and his mention of Whitman is perhaps simply to be accounted for in the words he used to explain my writing an article on van Gogh. In that case, it would seem that his reference to the poet was merely intended to "remind us that the latest fashions are still with us."

Mr. Strand's confronting of Mr. Prendergast with Professor Brander Matthews is even harder to understand. Is it because of Professor Matthews's eminent position in official institutions, because of the authority that is granted to his writings by thousands of readers? The parallel can not be drawn on such lines, for the museum is still to be discovered that shall have the discernment and courage to buy one of Mr. Prendergast's canvases; and if his work is loved by a small number of artists and collectors, it is still not appreciated or even known by the vast majority of Americans. If Mr. Strand's opinion of Professor Matthews is the very adverse one that I have sometimes heard expressed, and he is seeking to "illumine" his subject by comparing Mr. Prendergast with a man he holds in low esteem, then I can only rejoice to find that my condemnation by Mr. Strand places me, to some extent at least, in the company of the American painter whom I had selected as the most admirable we possess to-day. But the fact that no one can be certain as to whether or not I am given that honour is a sufficient proof, I believe, of the speciousness of the objective method as handled by my interlocutor.

There is one matter, besides, which I should particularly like to point out for my own justification in the eyes of those who have not read my article on "A Modern Artist" in your issue of 8 December, or who have not checked up a statement of Mr. Strand's regarding it. In no word of that paper did I lay claim to discover or re-discover van Gogh, as Mr. Strand asserts in his letter. Here is a point that the mere reading of my text will settle, and I should think Mr. Strand's assertion misleading to the point of disingenuousness, if he did not quote my words that van Gogh had "long since been acclaimed by competent critics." Does not this completely nullify the force of his remarks about my indulging in the "easy and popular indoor sport of discovering the giants of our time twenty years after they are dead, sometimes after they have been discovered"? Not only did I speak of van Gogh's recognition by the critics but I mentioned

his increasing acceptance by museums and dwelt above all on the influence that his work has been exerting on painters during the thirty (not twenty) years that have followed his death. One may discover what is unknown or re-discover what has been known and forgotten: one can not discover a man who has been increasingly a focus of attention for thirty years. I venture to hope, therefore, that the assertion that I pose as the discoverer of van Gogh has already refuted itself sufficiently through the obviousness of the fact, as shown by my own statements, that the great Dutchman is not a subject for "discovery" to-day. Perhaps, even, it was needless to offer any comment on this part of Mr. Strand's letter, though I think it may furnish some indication of his capacity or incapacity to deal with questions of logic and art. I am, etc.,
New York City.

WALTER PACH.

BOOKS.

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

IN the eighteenth century, before fiction had secured the co-operation of the regular illustrator, the novelist was in the habit of strengthening the visual appeal of his characters by referring to Hogarth's prints. In like manner the editor of "The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie" might have referred his readers for a portrait of the youthful Andrew to the white-headed apprentice of regular features who stands incorruptibly behind his loom at the right of the first number of "Industry and Idleness"; while his idle colleague raises confusion in the opposite corner. Later prints in which the industrious apprentice becomes successively Sheriff, Alderman, and Lord Mayor of London would be equally enlightening. Happily the editor is able to mark the arch of the hero's progress by his portrait at sixteen with his arm thrown about his little brother's shoulders and his photograph in a doctor's gown, his left arm holding a roll with the freedom of a city (of which honours he received fifty-four) and his right presumably embracing Viscount Bryce. But the primitive morality of the exhibit is the same as Hogarth's.

Andrew Carnegie was brought to Pittsburgh at the age of thirteen. The ruin of the hand-loom industry at Dunfermline forced his parents to emigrate, and their poverty was speedily relieved by his exertions. He obtained a position as bobbin boy at one dollar twenty a week and soon after became an engineer in a bobbin factory at two dollars. He was promoted to the clerical force and learned double-entry book-keeping. He entered the telegraph service as messenger at two dollars and a half, raised after a year to thirteen and a half a month. Through the blessing of an indolent operator he learned to handle the instrument himself, and so far bettered his instruction as to be able to take messages by ear. He was made a regular operator at twenty-five dollars a month, "a dollar every working-day." As clerk to Thomas A. Scott, division superintendent of the Pennsylvania, he went up to thirty-five. Seizing the opportunity of Scott's absence he assumed without orders the position of train dispatcher, and "got away with it." Thereupon he makes record in his bright lexicon of youth that:

The battle of life is already half won by the young man who is brought personally in contact with high officials; and the great aim of every boy should be to do something beyond the sphere of his duties—something which attracts the attention of those above him.

The second period of Andrew Carnegie's life,

¹"The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

which he calls the Period of Acquisition, began with the investment of five hundred dollars in Adams Express stock. The first dividend check of ten dollars is the occasion of another lyrical outburst. "It gave me the first penny of revenue from capital—something that I had not worked for with the sweat of my brow. 'Eureka!' I cried, 'Here's the goose that lays the golden eggs.'" Many geese followed, and all proved fertile. Rails, locomotives, bridges, oil, sleeping-cars, pig-iron, steel rails, spiegel and ferro-manganese all laid their golden eggs for the industrious apprentice. He had set thirty-five years and an income of \$50,000 as the limit of this "period of acquisition," but he was carried by sheer momentum of success far beyond these modest bounds, and not until he was upwards of fifty, when J. P. Morgan induced him to sell out to the United States Steel Corporation, did he begin in earnest the third period—the Period of Distribution.

This last chapter in the romance of wealth, as happens often in other romances, is disappointing. It has its brilliant episodes, such as his purchase of Pittencrieff Glen and his presentation of it to his native town; and his acquisition of Lord Acton's library and his presentation of it to John Morley. But the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland, the Carnegie Institutes and Institutions, the Temple of Peace, the omnipresent Carnegie libraries, and the pension fund for college teachers, these are not, in George Eliot's phrase, "exciting forms of goodness." Andrew Carnegie was like a self-made sun in his storing up of potential financial energy which, becoming kinetic, dispersed itself over the face of society, to turn the wheels of civilization for a while and fall at last to the level of the inert and powerless sea. To Carnegie himself his career was an illustration of "Triumphant Democracy." One wonders whether it does not serve equally well to illuminate Henry Adams's theory of social thermo-dynamics, in "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma."

Carnegie was like a sun also in the sense that he had his satellites, and rejoiced in their orderly revolution about himself in progress toward the goal which he describes as "Millionairessdom." Thus Henry Phipps, who began his financial career by borrowing a quarter to advertise himself as a "willing boy," "is now," so Carnegie tells us, "one of the richest men in the United States, and has begun to prove that he knows how to expend his surplus." William Borntraeger introduced a system of cost-accounting into Carnegie's iron mill. "Needless to say, William soon became superintendent of the works and later a partner, and the poor German lad died a millionaire. He well deserved his fortune." A cousin, Tom Morrison, from Dunfermline, turned up in the mills as an exceptional mechanic. "He is to-day a blooming, but still sensible millionaire." One star "that joined not with the starry dance," Thomas Miller, "has since regretted (to me) his refusal of my earnest request, which would have enabled the pioneer of all of us to reap what was only his rightful reward—millionairessdom for himself and his followers."

There is something very characteristic of this period of our country's development in this association of "blooming but still sensible" millionaires, the gleam of friendship brightening the bonds of the cash nexus. One principle they held firmly—never to endorse the paper of outsiders however near and dear. By that sin, we learn, fell Andrew

Kloman, and even when purged by bankruptcy and offered a ten-per-cent interest in the business by way of rehabilitation, his infernal pride stood in the way. "Could he have been persuaded to accept this he would have been a multimillionaire." It was not to be. But for the most part the band remained true and firm in their loyalty to each other.

Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

Even when the absorption of the Carnegie Company into the greater Corporation dissolved, the original bond among them, the attraction of friendship remained, and Carnegie held the annual dinners of the Carnegie Veteran Association as "the dearest joys" of his life. "I carry with me the affection of 'my boys.' . . . And I say to myself: Rather this, minus fortune, than multimillionaire-dom without it—yes, a thousand times, yes."

Carnegie was by no means content to be the self-made sun of a few Pittsburgh millionaires. As a luminary he sought for other worlds to shine on. Hence came about another annual occasion, the "literary dinner" of which Richard Watson Gilder was ringmaster. Carnegie had a Scotsman's reverence for letters. Himself an author who could afford to be an amateur, he delighted in the brotherhood of the craft, and he had an insatiable appetite for distinction of all sorts, to be vicariously enjoyed. Each of his great benefactions became the occasion of gathering together a galaxy of trustees and managers, who, like his partners, were soon his friends. It was, indeed, a friendly, almost a chummy age. The affairs of the world were felt to be in safe hands when such good fellows were always getting together, at Cowes, or Kiel, or Skibo, or in the White House. There were Roosevelt, and "Honest" John Morley, and Gladstone, and Balfour, and John Hay, and Mark Hanna, and Henry Ward Beecher—and that prince of good fellows the Kaiser, all amazingly genial and doubtless slapping each other on the back and calling each other Teddy and Artie and Jimmie and Willie—and, of course, Andy.

There are two dark passages in this otherwise unbroken radiation of light and joy, two occasions on which Carnegie's sun suffered eclipse with dismal and dreadful portents for the future. The first is the Homestead Strike in 1892. Naturally, Carnegie's philosophy of labour was the result of his own experience. Every labourer had it in his power to choose the path of industry or of idleness, and the choice rightly made would result inevitably in a reward according to the ability of the chooser. He, as the sun of his industrial universe, naturally controlled the workers who were seen as more distant stars in an industrial system of which his partners were the planets. It was when the sun was withdrawn for a season to Scotland that the solar system fell into disorder. Some men struck; the mills were opened with eight thousand soldiers for protection; riot and death ensued. Carnegie is sure that the attempt should not have been made to open the mills. True to his pacifist principles he would not fight his workmen; he would sit down and wait until they came around. He is sure that if he had personally been present the difficulty would not have arisen. Carnegie gives several incidents to illustrate his paternal dealings with labour, notably one in which, after receiving the signatures of the officers of a union to a wage agreement, he blandly

requested all the rank and file to sign also. Always the kind master and the industrious apprentice; never a hint of awareness of the solidarity of labour, of its collective responsibility, and its ambition toward control.

The other darksome passage is that which describes the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Carnegie had made the movement for peace one of the centres of his public activity; from the day when he presented the Committee of the Peace Society of Great Britain to President Cleveland in 1887, "the abolition of war grew in importance with me until it finally overshadowed all other issues." The Spanish War ten years later was the first practical experiment which Carnegie had an opportunity to witness of how nations make war—and he records the results with regretful candour. He was on the inside. He knew that Spain had yielded diplomatically all that had been demanded of her. He knew from Reed's own confession that he as Speaker had lost control of the House, and that nothing would slake the blood-lust of the representatives of a great people but blood. He knew further that President McKinley took upon himself, contrary to the unanimous advice of his Cabinet, the monstrous guilt of the Philippine War. "Withdrawal would create a revolution at home," he said. Carnegie made a personal appeal to Mr. Bryan to defeat the Philippine clauses of the treaty, but that astute politician thought that paying twenty millions for a revolution "would discredit the Republican party before the people." "One word from Mr. Bryan," says Carnegie, "would have saved the country from the disaster. I could not be cordial to him for years afterwards." This is the strongest judgment which Carnegie puts on record and the severest penalty—exile from his friendly world.

The Spanish War was an object lesson of the events which followed twenty years later. The aggressive ambitions of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the pretentious weakness of President McKinley, the political jockeying of Mr. Bryan were merely reproduced on a larger scale. It is perhaps with a premonitory sense of this that Carnegie makes the Spanish War the last episode of his book, with the exception of his meeting with the Kaiser. Like his friend John Morley he closes his autobiography with 1914, when the bright, friendly, tolerant world fell in ruins about them. With an unconscious irony, the realization of which he was mercifully spared, he writes as his last words: "Nothing is impossible to genius. Watch President Wilson. He has Scotch blood in his veins."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

IN his "History of Journalism in the United States,"¹ Mr. Payne gives us a swiftly written and vigorously phrased volume, less a history of American journalism than a chronicle of the relationship of the press to American political progress from colonial times. Journalism, as such, its enterprise, its hunt for news, its energy in spreading intelligence, its romance, its mechanical and industrial development, its failures and successes, finds scant showing in his pages. He has preferred to take the expression of opinion and the work of the organ as a basis, and from this point of view proceeds to develop his narrative. His story begins with the issuing of *Public Occurrences* by Benjamin Harris, in Boston, 25 September,

¹ "History of Journalism in the United States." George Henry Payne. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

1690, limited to a single number by the displeased authorities, leaving Boston a vacant field until 24 April, 1704, when John Campbell started the *News-Letter*, the first journal to survive on the North American continent. Campbell was without a rival until 21 December, 1770, when James Franklin, older brother of Benjamin, began the publication of the *Boston Gazette*, and was soon in such trouble that he had to take down his name and substitute that of his precocious relative in its stead. Here, then, began the career of the first great American journalist, to whose broad mind and wide vision not only newspaperdom but America owes so much.

The author devotes much space to the bickerings and troubles of the early press and then surveys its expansion throughout the country. He gives an interesting chapter to the press in Washington, though there journalism has had its least interesting development, being for the greater part of its history subsidized by government patronage and in no sense the voice of the people. Though freed from the bondage of party and of pap, the capital newspapers have never yet reached above the level of their localism. The growing period of New York journalism is briefly sketched, the rise of the *Sun*, the Bennett *Herald* and Greeley's *Tribune*. It must be confessed that, when told in the cold light of history, Mr. Greeley's part in affairs does not shine.

Mr. Payne assumes that liberty of the press has become accepted as an undisputed fact in the United States because of its place in the Constitution and its own insistence and persistence. In this I think he is mistaken. The voluntary censorship exercised by the newspapers during the World War went far beyond the needs of the situation. The press was supremely silent upon many things. That it meant to be patriotic is true, but that it feared repression from threatened law is truer. The legislation proposed by the Attorney General of the United States was most drastic and in violation of all our traditions. In contrast with the tone of the newspapers during the Civil War period they were abject and defaulted in their duty as enlighteners of the public. I say this was the result of fear far more than of patriotism and I believe that it would even now be possible by amendment to remove the guarantee from the Constitution should some William Jennings Bryan start the movement. Legislation, invidious and restraining, operating through the Post Office Department, initiated by this gentleman, has long been on the statute books. It would take but little effort to expand the restriction and embarrass editors still more. Legislators do not like criticism and they make the laws, while the American voter has come to regard liberty only as an abstraction.

Curiously, the volume is dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt who, as President of the United States, undertook the prosecution of a newspaper for having criticized one of his acts, as a libel on the Government, with the plain purpose of choking freedom of opinion, in which effort he was happily defeated by the courts.

DON C. SEITZ.

RIO GRANDE LARCENY.

THE editors of the *Freeman* once noted with appreciation the engaging frankness of Mr. George Agnew Chamberlain, late U. S. Consul-General in the City of Mexico, in his manly—in fact, highwaymanly—advocacy of grand larceny as the solution of the Mexican problem. Now he has made a book about it¹ that will meet the approval of all who scorn the fine distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* beyond the Rio Grande, who believe that commercial honesty, like the ghosts in Tam o'Shanter, can not cross a running stream.

"Is Mexico Worth Saving?" asks Mr. Chamberlain, and he gives us his answer in terms of dollars and cents. We invested a billion and a half under Diaz and we have a "legitimate lien on these coffers." Moreover, in troubled 1918 we did a business with broken-backed Mexico of

over 245 million dollars. What might we not attain under a stable and just government? Our mouths are commanded to water with such phrases as "bullion by the carload; hemp by the million bales; oil beyond the capacity of any known method of transportation." Further appetizers are winter wheat, sorghum, sugar-cane, coffee, rubber, cotton, chicle—and vast plains fit for potential beefsteaks. Mexico is hostile, weak and rich, a foeman worthy of our steal.

Americans invested heavily and lost heavily, nor were all the losers rich corporations. Authentic small investors are exhibited, including a housemaid who achieved house-maidhood because her husband had two rubber plantations in Mexico. No doubt widows and orphans could be produced on request; oil-promoters do not habitually decline the savings of widows and orphans.

A surprisingly large portion of this book is occupied with violent denunciation of the two presidents, Wilson and Carranza, the watchful waiter and the still more watchful hater. After a hundred pages or so of this abuse, one begins to suspect that the death of one and the political downfall of the other brought precious little sorrow to the Chamberlain home. Carranza subsisted on anti-American sentiment, answered every weak and friendly gesture from Washington with robbery and murder. He shovelled into his rascally army millions of good dollars that ought to have gone to more deserving people, e. g., us. He grew strong on Wilson's weakness. How, then, explain his collapse?

In sticking pins into the softest portion of the United States while its face was turned inexorably toward Europe he did not foresee a feverish outburst of race hatred so violent that it was bound to burn itself out.

Did our patience under grave provocation have anything to do with the collapse of this hatred? That might be true if those people were human, but "by nature, training and precedent the Mexican despises forbearance but bows to pressure."

Under the "great" Diaz industry prospered, finances were put upon a sound basis and foreign investors had a fine place in the sun. The only fault which the author could find in Diaz was that in his quarter of a century he did not get around to doing anything to improve the condition of the peons, but after all they constituted a bare eighty per cent of the population.

How different is the picture of life under Carranza! Banking-system ruined, generals grafting, bandits running at large, flaunting wealth and bitter poverty. Apparently the Mexican Government is as crooked as our building-trades, as wasteful, in its limited way, as our shipping-board. Property is even less secure than in New York or Chicago. The life of a white man is as cheap beyond the Rio Grande as that of a black man on this side. Carranza ruined the credit of the country so that it could not borrow money; as a result, the poor backward nation has a contemptibly little national debt.

What are we going to do now? President Obregon has made fair promises about oil-leases and the like, but a Mexican is guilty until he proves himself innocent. The United States must lend Mexico \$350,000,000 on condition that she pay her debts, indemnify lives of foreigners, guarantee goods in transit over national railways, suppress banditry, have productive reconstruction, free elections and *international economic control*. These conditions are to be enforced by seven steps which the author likens to the days of the week:

Accept our terms or we will refuse you an ambassador on Sunday, deny you recognition on Monday, embargo loans on Tuesday, stop all exports and imports on Wednesday, close all channels of communication on Thursday, make a naval demonstration on Friday and begin intervention under arms on Saturday.

Mr. Chamberlain believes that it will never get as far as Saturday, but if it does it need not be a blue Saturday. The regular army can do the job with one hand; there would be little effective resistance. Mexico City and the main ports could be captured with perhaps less loss of life than the number of Americans murdered since the fall of

¹ "Is Mexico Worth Saving?" George Agnew Chamberlain. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Diaz (which was 564 at the moment of going to press). The casualty estimate refers, of course, to American lives; Mexicans do not have lives in this book. No mention is made of those southwesterly sections of our country where there is never a closed season on "greasers." Best of all, the war would pay for itself as it goes—a self-supporting war: in seizing the ports we collect the duties, in seizing the railways we collect the fares. Mr. Chamberlain has arranged that the conquest of Mexico be accompanied by a burst of prosperity, and the proceeds of the custom-house burglary and the great train robbery would be more than ample.

In happier days Mr. Chamberlain was a novelist, and he brings here the novelist's gifts of imagination. Complete pacification would, of course, be a slow process. To hasten it we could pay the peons out of the excess profits of the war for such junk as cartridges, guns, and dead bandit chiefs. Bribing Mexicans with their own money to murder their own leaders is a charming conceit. It introduces the principle of self-extermination. But our Mr. Chamberlain does not favour annexation, merely economic control and military occupation (which could probably be made permanent with little trouble). The result would be the security of life and capital, a splendid trade and the happiness of the surviving Mexicans, once they got used to the idea. We would hold out to them a helping hand—with an itching palm.

If there is any flaw in this arrangement, it must be this: that those who are to do all this sowing are not the ones who are to do the reaping. Our Government will lend; our investors will collect. The boys in the regular army who are to do the work do not own those mines, oilwells and ranches; their *per capita* wealth would be something like four dollars: In effect the holders of Mexican securities are saying to the rest of us, "We will divide this business fairly between us; we take the profits and you take the risk." If you do not agree to this just division of labour you are, in Mr. Chamberlain's charming phrase, "a lollipop pacifist."

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

SHORTER NOTICES.

MOST men, when they tell of sewing a score of dollars or more in various parts of their clothing and of their starting forth to seek adventure, do so rather self-consciously. But there is no self-consciousness in "Alaska Man's Luck," the narrative of a young man's adventures in the far North; nor is there any suggestion of a sophisticated striving to return to the simple and primitive. Even Whitman himself might have envied the sense of unity this new author feels so unconsciously, with nature, chance, and the uncertain to-morrow. In these adventurous pages is a revelation of a temperament constitutionally primitive and of an attitude toward life strangely undisturbed and serene.

L. M. R.

THE creation of a poetic curve—invisible so far as the formal arrangement of the verses is concerned, but none the less potent for all that—gives to Mr. Inman's "Red Autumn" a sustained note of inspiration. He has achieved a sort of sequence in mood, originating in the shadows of dusk and dawn, reaching a *crescendo* in some particularly ringing sea poems, and dropping into a quiet melancholy, still fairly free from sentimentality. Mr. Inman is a spontaneous singer, content to apply the imagery evoked by his mood, and one never has the feeling that he is achieving his effects with a self-conscious dexterity. Nothing here is novel, but, on the other hand, nothing is trite, for it has been given authentic personal expression.

L. B.

IN a time full of strange phenomena, Mr. Frank Harris is perhaps one of the strangest. With so much to give, such uncertainty about the quality of the gift. Now a touch of real genius, and next a mere fadise or worse. An overwhelming egotism combined with an almost morbid devotion to a Christ-like meekness as the foremost virtue. Thus his second series of "Contemporary Portraits" is like the first one, only more so; talks about Frank Harris apropos of various well-known

figures in literature and politics. One can not read it without offence, nor can one read it without profit. Slovenly in form beyond forgiving, it is nevertheless strewn with apt phrases and keen observations. Its many quick judgments are now brilliant and now ridiculous. It is for the reader to tell which is which. To one who knows how to accept or reject, this provoking volume offers interesting light on men like Shaw, Kipling, George Moore, Walter Pater and Herbert Spencer. Last but far from least, there is a thoroughly Shavian portrait of Mr. Shaw by himself "as Frank might have done it."

Bj.

WITH "In Chancery" Mr. Galsworthy skips backward over some unsatisfying intervening volumes of the "Forsyte Saga" and takes up once more the tone of "The Man of Property" with the old delicate cynicism through which there ripples a new and good-natured vein of humour. Like its well-known predecessor, this book deals with the possessive instinct in a large and typical English family, a topic that has a spasmodic tendency to become sensational which the author always dexterously checks. Here we have again the careful acrimony mingled with a warm consciousness of physical beauty which is so characteristic of Mr. Galsworthy. The drawing of extreme youth and age is particularly fine, but one feels, in spite of the cleverness with which they are depicted, that a lesser number of aunts and uncles in the Forsyte family might occasionally clarify matters in the reader's mind. Mr. Galsworthy says that "the chief characteristic of the Forsytes and indeed of the saner elements in every nation is to get something out of everything they do." Therefore a Forsyte might not read this book. But the numerous others who desire only to spend a pleasant afternoon relaxing mentally without also deteriorating should not overlook "In Chancery."

E. W. N.

THE name of the author of "The Taint in Politics" is not divulged, presumably because his criticism of British conditions is the result of immediate observation and personal acquaintance. Those familiar with Trevelyan's "Life of Fox" will be prepared for this anonymous author's description of the "political system which a century and a half ago was revoltingly corrupt," but it is doubtful whether any one, particularly in this country, will be prepared for the appalling array of facts and instances gathered in these pages to define the "precise measure of lingering corruption, dishonesty, chicanery, sophistry, and incompetence" which still prevail in British politics. That the author's ideal standard is impossible may perhaps be conceded. Thus, it is doubtful whether it would have been better for Mr. Gladstone to retire altogether from public life because of the conditions he had to face, or to remain in the hope that he might help to ameliorate those conditions. The disturbing fact is that those conditions still exist and that, according to the author, far from being seriously combated or discouraged, they are avowedly accepted as methods for gaining office and promoting legislation. The reader is likely to find, in this volume, additional reasons for congratulation that America has not become a partner in the international gaming-house. The chapter on American conditions is disappointingly superficial, but the book deals primarily with the English situation, which is pictured in a manner to convince the reader that unless Great Britain and, for that matter, the United States, manages to establish a more intimate relation between political preaching and practice, certain very radical and distressing consequences are bound to ensue.

C. N.

THE comment of Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's publishers, that American literature is poor in a type of book which has so enriched other tongues—"reminiscences of brilliant women who, throughout their lives, have been intimately associated with men of genius"—provokes the reflection that American men of mark have not, as a rule, married brilliant women. Even Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences of War and Peace" can claim no very high rank as literature, although Mrs. Pryor's style has an undeniable charm of quaintness and simplicity. On the score of literary excellence, Mrs. Aldrich's "Crowding Memories" falls below Mrs. Pryor's work. The author's stilted phrasing, trite similes, and thinly veiled snobbery offer a melancholy contrast to the easy-flowing naturalness and genial democracy of her gifted husband. Nevertheless, "Crowding Memories" is a valuable book because of the deep and abiding interest of many of the figures who appear in it: Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Howells, Edwin

¹ "In Chancery." John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² "The Taint in Politics." New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

³ "Crowding Memories." Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

¹ "Alaska Man's Luck." Hjalmar Rutzenbeck. New York: Boni and Liveright.

² "Red Autumn." Arthur Crew Inman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

³ "Contemporary Portraits: Second Series." Frank Harris. New York: Published by the author, at 57 Fifth Avenue.

Booth, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Howe, and others. Relatively more space is given to Edwin Booth than to any one else; and very interesting, as illustrating Mr. Aldrich's loyalty and courage, is the story of how he shared his friend's gloomy seclusion in New York during the dark and perilous days following Lincoln's assassination, when the angry populace demanded that "everything wearing the name of Booth should be exterminated." Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Charles Dickens, although duly acclaimed as literary lions in Boston's sacred ring, are yet, the reader is made subtly aware, a bit off-colour in its social register. One feels that this is poetic justice of a kind for the author of "American Notes," who was himself something of a snob; but Mark Twain's admirers will love to imagine what he would have said at seeing himself gravely written down as "lacking the stamp of Vere de Vere."

A. R. H.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"AMERICA," wrote Samuel Butler in one of his note-books, "will have her geniuses, as every other country has, in fact she has already had one in Walt Whitman, but I do not think America is a good place in which to be a genius. A genius can never expect to have a good time anywhere, if he is a genuine article, but America is about the last place in which life will be endurable at all for an inspired writer of any kind." Butler had lived in New Zealand and knew something about these pioneer countries; and one may verify the truth of his observation any day by glancing over the forlorn ranks of our American writers, those, I mean, who insist on the luxury of a conscience. The sensitive, the reflective, the creative types do not flourish here; that there is a selection always working against them is evident enough if we assume, as we probably have the right to do, that these types are born in a more or less equal proportion everywhere and always. It is a peculiarity of our civilization that in so few Americans the creative spark survives, and that it survives to so little purpose even in these. The sower goes forth to sow his seed, and as he sows, some falls by the wayside, and it is trodden down and the fowls of the air devour it; and some falls upon a rock, and as soon as it is sprung up, it withers away, because it lacks moisture; and some falls among thorns, and the thorns spring up with it, and choke it. How much falls on good ground, and springs up, and bears fruit an hundredfold?

EACH of us, whose lot has been cast among writing folk, can draw up, if he looks back over his acquaintance, a long list of spiritual casualties, over and above what might be called the normal casualties, that are to be put down solely to the account of the American environment. The right encouragement here, a different atmosphere there, the stimulus to break this tie, to follow this impulse and repress that, to visit such and such a country, to read these books and not those, to ignore one master and follow another—what a difference all this might have made! These friends of ours have had talents which they have never learned how to possess. In a centralized, in a critical society they would have been driven to discover themselves, to define their aims, to grasp and educate their faculties, to seize upon their lines of growth; they would have had sympathy, instruction, direction. Instead, their gift has become more and more unreal to them; it has turned into a phantom which, as they vainly pursue it, flees, as Creusa fled from the arms of Æneas, unsubstantial as the winds and in every way like a fleeting dream. What becomes of all the extraordinary spirits we have known in school and college? It is their like who, in other countries, form the spiritual élite which travellers tell us they do not find in America but which we know has always existed here in germ. These gifted ones of ours run through their twenties with hope and high expectations. Our contemporary literature is strewn with promising first books; it is this that often gives us the sensation of being in the midst of a literary revival. Then fatigue and effort begin to appear, life ceases to replenish their spirits, and when the thirties come they drop away, one by one. It

is just as when one lowers a glass over a candle; the flame devours what little oxygen there is, quivers desperately for a moment and then vanishes, leaving behind a wick that will never be lighted again.

No one, I think, will dispute this. America is peopled with extinct geniuses; and not only that, but the poet in most of the rest of us suffers an untimely eclipse. We accept this almost as a matter of course; to us life seems naturally a process in which everything that is fine is plucked and stripped and despoiled. We have grown used to the desert soil, the drought, the killing winds; and few of us are disturbed any longer by the evident fact that the American process is a systematic process of decivilization. "Describe the average Western man," says Mr. Lowes Dickinson, "and you describe the American; from east to west, from north to south, everywhere and always the same—masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual, Man in the concrete, undisturbed by spiritual life, the master of methods and slave of things, and therefore the conqueror of the world, the unquestioning, the undoubting, the child with the muscles of a man, the European stripped bare, and shown for what he is, a predatory, unreflecting, naïve, precociously accomplished brute." True; that is the American type, as it would have appeared in the eyes of Saint Francis, or of Oliver Goldsmith, or of Charles Lamb, or of Spinoza, for that matter, or Erasmus, or Cervantes, or any of the spirits, sacred or profane, who have painfully built up, stone by stone, the temple of humanity. It is the cave man once more, nothing less; and the very virtue and energy that have gone out of those who might have been poets are the meat upon which he has waxed so fat. Their passivity gives scope for his activity; for in proportion as they are unable to become poets and by so doing awaken in men the immaterial desires, he has taken possession of the popular mind, in all its suggestibility, and filled it with his own appetites. And thus the desert propagates the desert.

A FEW years ago one heard people talking of the "conservation of natural resources." It had been discovered that the spoliation of its soil and its forests was compromising the future of the country. It was the prophet of the strenuous life who saw this: what he did not see was that the strenuous life itself represented a far more sinister form of spoliation. "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!" One does not have to believe this in order to feel that, however rich man is, he can not afford to drop too far below. If there are any Americans, consequently, who really care for the conservation of our natural resources, they will have a passionate concern for the welfare of American literature, in which, almost alone, lies whatever hope our civilization has. A great literature is a reservoir of spiritual energy: and every writer who can be kept from going astray, who can be helped to the possession of everything he has in him, is like a stream turned into this reservoir and replenishing it every day. When we learn to think of every dissipation of talent as a national calamity, we shall begin to find means for the storing up of this energy which now goes to waste. One might even conceive of such a thing as a concerted plan for the reafforestation of our spiritual territory.

THE REVIEWER recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"French Classicism," by C. H. C. Wright. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

"The Romance of the Rabbit," by Francis Jammes. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.

“B’iled mutton without capers.”

WE don’t lay claim to any great perspicacity in the matter of sign-reading except, perhaps, when the signs are as unmistakable as though they had been painted in letters a foot high and stuck up at every cross-road. But we do believe, taking everything all together and leaving nothing out of consideration, that for most of us, this year, 1921, is going to be one of the leanest years since the reign of Pharaoh.

Well, we are more than willing to “eat our b’iled mutton without capers,” as Sam Weller would say, if we can somehow manage to keep this paper of ours “perpetually going on beginning again regularly” every week. We are strengthened in the resolution to do this by the fact that many of our readers are making sacrifices (only equalled by our own in the matter of capers) that they may be assured the intellectual nourishment of a weekly diet of the FREEMAN throughout the present year.

We therefore feel no hesitancy in urging that you not only fill out the blank below, but that you call about you several of your friends, preferably of the kind that have a “lean and hungry look,” to a fifty-two course banquet of the mind at which we shall solemnly swear to serve no stimulant less than 100 (fool) proof.

Our E. A. M. offer

THE FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huebsch, *President*
116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

We accept your invitation to a 52-course banquet of the
FREEMAN for \$6.00.*

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We accept your invitation to a 10-weeks appetizer of the
FREEMAN for \$1.00.

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We enclose the names of persons who will appreciate a mouth-
ful of your savoury food: send each one a free copy of the FREEMAN.

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*\$6.50 in Canada; \$7 in foreign lands.